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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Visit to Greece in 1823 and 1824. By George Waddington, Esq. Author of "Travels in Ethiopia," &c. 12mo. pp. 248. London, 1825. To this small volume, but unquestionably yet far the most impartial and valuable picture yet given to the public of the Greek Revolution, and its present aspects, we could not do sufficient justice within the usual limits which we can afford to one publication, even though extended through several of our Gazettes: in the first instance, we are hardly able to introduce it to our readers, as being at the same time concise, important, and graphic. The author has visited more points of the scene of action than any other writer, and he has viewed what was going on with less of prejudice and partisanship. Thus, while he exposes the atrocities of the Turks, he does not conceal the barbarities of their opponents. In short, it is a work which we recommend freely to all who feel a wish for information respecting the Greek cause; and would attain their object through the medium of an exceedingly well written and interesting narrative.

We pass an Introduction of great good sense, and other luminous expositions of the origin of this illustrious contest, (for so it is, in spite of all that has obscured or stained it), to lay before our readers merely two or three insulated specimens of the author, to whose general considerations we cannot now do justice. When at Napoli di Romania, in March 1824, (then commanded by the Phourarch Panos, the son of the Capitan Colocotroni) he writes thus:

"One afternoon, I happened to pay my respects to Capitan Panos at some moment of particular interest. I found him surrounded by his divan of shaggy officers and soldiers, seated and standing in every attitude, and loaded with arms; and moving among them, as if for contrast, I perceived with surprise, his very young and beautiful bride. Her light-hearted gaiety and gracefulness infused a singular sort of animation into the gloomy assembly.

"Another lady of equal distinction, and more variety, assisted at this extraordinary council of war. Most people have heard of the 'heroine' Bobolina: this important person was born at Hydra; but as her husband, to whose large property she has succeeded, was a native of Spezzia, her usual residence is in that island. She displayed much zeal in the beginning of the Revolution, and equipped several vessels for the naval service; she directed, too, her attention towards the Morea; she formed an early connexion with Colocotroni, and shared, if she be not much belied, no trifling proportion of the plunder of Tripolizza. She certainly entered that city a few days after its capture, while its streets were yet reeking with blood, in a kind of triumph, on horseback, astride, after the manner of Orientals and Amazons. Since that period, she has married her pretty daughter to Capitan Panos, thus strengthening her continental influence; while old Colocotroni obtained by the connexion the support of a considerable party in Spezzia. Thus, then, is Bobolina, at the same time an Islander and a Capitana.

"Nothing is so dull and unpopular as truth:

are we not educated in the flattering belief that heroines are a species distinctively valiant, generous, and disinterested—surpassingly beautiful, and of unfading youth? Such ought to be the heroine Bobolina; and it is not without reluctance that I am brought to confess that this warlike lady, the Hippolyta of the nineteenth century, is old, unmannerly, ugly, fat, shapeless, and avaricious.

"Some spirit of enterprise and speculation she most assuredly possesses, nor has she failed to turn it to a very profitable use. Two mints have been established under her auspices, at Spezzia and Napoli; the rapid depreciation of the Turkish piastre, and the little intrinsic value of the last gold coinage, have opened a lucrative field for forgery: the coinage has been imitated by the Greeks with great success, and large quantities of it have been privately imported as Turkish money, into various parts of Asia. Similar attempts were made to imitate the Spanish dollar, but not with the same success; in weight, indeed, the forged seldom falls short of the real dollar; but the indifference of the execution makes them instantly distinguishable. In the mean time, this false coinage has obtained very little circulation among the Greeks; that pecuniary people throws far too keen a regard of scrutiny on a dollar or a machmoodie, to be easily deceived as to its genuineness or value; all, too, are aware of the fraud which it is attempted to impose upon them, and all are well acquainted with its heroic authoress—so well, that the very name which they always apply to a false coin is the name of the lady to whose ingenuity they feel obliged for it; and Bobolina, if she be destined to any sort of immortality, will descend to posterity as a bye-word.

"There is yet one other * heroine, of whom justice and gallantry alike require me to say something; her name is Mandó; she is of the distinguished Mavroyeni family, and is an inhabitant (if not native) of Miconi. She maintained many soldiers at the siege of Tripolizza, and has contributed liberally and zealously towards the success of the contest. She has reaped the rewards of disinterestedness: a house which she possessed near Napoli, and which contained much of her property, was very lately entered by a body of soldiers, plundered, and burnt; and all this was done, as far as I can learn, without any provocation, and with the most perfect impunity. She has now retired to Tripolizza, where her intimacy is said to be respectfully courted by Demetrius Ypsilanti. She is described to be a tall, thin, unattractive person, of about five-and-thirty."

"* I afterwards heard still another well authenticated story of a heroine, but I am sorry to add that this lady was anonymous. A young Greek girl it seems, of extravagant beauty, marched with her brethren, in male attire, against Yussuf Pasha and the Jallioties; she was taken, and brought before the Pasha. Yussuf was struck by the appearance of his prisoner, and determined that so handsome a head should not be sent to Constantinople; he granted him life, and even ordered him admission among his own slaves. Here, however, whether from gratitude for the former favour, or disinclination to the latter, the young soldier discovered her sex; the Pasha, of course, became instantly enamoured; the captive was obdurate and inflexible; nor was it till after she had rejected many tempting but exceptional overtures, that she was at last admitted to the vacant sofa of his fourth wife."

Such are the heroines of modern Greece: we shall contrast it with a picture of her heroes.

"The leader of the Klephtic, or Robber party, was Theodore Colocotroni. Descended from a race of noble bandits, he had obtained some personal honour in his hereditary profession, before his admission into the English service; and in the interval, during a residence of some months (or years) at Zante, he had exercised with success the trade of a butcher. He was called to the Morea very early in the Revolution. A fortunate engagement in the neighbourhood of Tripolizza established his military character, and the plunder of that city in October, 1821, provided him with the most effectual means of supporting that character.

"The party properly Klephtic gradually acquired many adherents in the Morea, and several distinguished persons, who had never practised brigandage, became associated with it; some from mere love of military license, many from their connexion with the family of their chief, and many from ambition and avarice. These, united, formed the party of the Capitani, in which more indefinite and sonorous name, its Klephtic origin was merged and forgotten. Petro Bey, Deliyanni, and others, obtained some estimation and authority—but Colocotroni was still the idol; and during the first year of the insurrection he possessed, in spite of the name of Ypsilanti, almost unlimited influence in the Morea."

At Tripolizza, Mr. Waddington paid his compliments to this authority.

"I have," he relates, "presented myself three or four times at the levees of Colocotroni, and have received from him repeated assurances of his peculiar respect for the English nation, and his attachment to its individual members; and, in fact, he immediately provided me with an excellent lodging which I could not otherwise have procured. These professions amuse me the more, as the old hypocrite is notoriously anti-Anglican, and is continually and publicly accusing the British Government of designs to occupy and enslave the Morea. His manners, however, to do him justice, are utterly devoid of urbanity, and, like his countenance and dress, are precisely those which best become a distinguished captain of banditti. His court seems to consist of about fifteen capitani, who seat themselves on the sofa which lines three sides of his spacious hall; from the walls are suspended Turkish muskets curiously inlaid, with many valuable pistols and sabres. His capitani are as filthy a crew as I ever beheld, and for the most part ill-looking and very meanly attired; but the most miserably starving wretch that I have observed among them, is a Papas, or priest, bonneted and bearded, but still military. The usual covering for their head is nothing more than the red cap of the country; but there are generally two or three of the party who think proper, from whatever feeling of vanity, to burden themselves with extremely large and shapeless turbans; Colocotroni takes little notice of any of them, and seldom rises at their entrance. The fourth side of the room is occupied by a number of soldiers, who remain standing; upon some occasion Colo-

cotroni thought proper to command them to retire,—they obeyed reluctantly and slowly, and in a very few minutes returned in parties of two and three, and re-occupied their station. There is no smoking, nor any circulation of coffee or conversation. This singularly dull scene may last about twenty minutes, and then, on some signal from the Chief, the party rise and disperse."

The following are more general remarks:

"I have learnt with sorrow, but without surprise, that the violent change of circumstances has produced a sad revolution in the morals of the female part of the population; but this, if it be a necessary, is happily only a temporary, evil, and will disappear in the train of those calamitous events which have introduced it."

Of the dispute between the Capitani and the Constitutionalists (at the head of whom is Mavrocordato), Mr. W. says—

"This present will prove, if I mistake not, the most innocent civil war on record. Scarcely a movement will be made, of which some intrigue shall not previously have secured the success. With abundance of negotiation, threats, promises, bribery, and perjury, there will happily be extremely little bloodshed. Greeks are any thing rather than hard fighters; indeed, they will never fight if they can avoid it, except under the most favourable circumstances of position, numbers, or darkness. A few hundred marksmen defend one of those impenetrable passes, with which the country abounds, against a body of Turkish cavalry, who present themselves, stupidly rather than courageously, to be butchered and plundered. Any offensive movement is a surprise, generally nocturnal. I know no single instance, during the whole contest, of a battle well disputed, on equal terms, on fair open ground, and in the face of day. *Εν δὲ φάει καὶ ἡσυχίᾳ*, is no longer the motto of Grecian heroism: 'dolus an virtus' is discovered to be the securer principle."

We rejoice to learn of Athens, that after all the vicissitudes and devastations to which that glorious city has been exposed,

"Very trifling injury has been sustained by the remains of antiquity. The Parthenon, as the noblest, has also been the severest sufferer; for the lantern of Demosthenes, which had been much defaced by the conflagration of the convent, of which it formed a part, has already received some repairs from the care of the French Vice-Consul. Any damage of the Parthenon is irreparable. It appears that the Turks, having expended all their balls, broke down the south-west end of the wall of the *cella* in search of lead, and boast to have been amply rewarded for their barbarous labour. But this is the extent of the damage. No column has been overthrown, nor any of the sculptures displaced or disfigured. I believe all the monuments, except these two, to have escaped unviolated by the hand of war: but almost at the moment of the commencement of the Revolution, the temple of Theseus was touched by a flash of propitious lightning, so little injurious to the building, that we might be tempted to consider it an omen of honour and victory."

We can hardly bring ourselves to conclude, where so fine a field is left to us; but we shall, next week, return more systematically to the harvest, and, as far as our space will allow us, go further into the information afforded by this volume.

"* The battle of Petta approaches most nearly to an exception; but that was fought by Germans, and lost by the treachery of Greeks."

The Italian Novelists, &c.: translated from the Original Italian, with Notes Critical and Biographical. By Thomas Roscoe. 12mo. 4 vols. London, 1825. S. Prowett.

THE work now before us has long been a desideratum in English history. The fountains, whence so much of our literature has, like the Nile, taken its long and fertilizing course, at once attract the research of the philosopher, and the imagination of the bard. It is interesting to observe the progress of that mental alchemy by which metal, base, soiled, or shapeless, becomes delicate in its polish, and graceful in its proportion. Into no worthier hands could the task of selection and translation have fallen, than into those of Mr. Roscoe; he has both the industry for research, and the taste for appreciation. The character of these Italian novels is well known; partly historical facts, dressed up romance-fashion; odd honours; love tales, purely imaginative, and others of a humorous and satirical turn; they reflect the whole spirit of the age in which they had birth. This collection contains selected tales so far back as the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, or Hundred Ancient Tales, down to Robustiano Gironi; and it is to the last degree curious to remark in how many forms these fictions have become familiar to us. Amid such variety as these volumes present, it is really difficult to make a choice, but the following tale is, we think, less known than many of its companions. We must add, that it is the history of an enamoured youth, who has at last obtained an interview with the hard-hearted mistress of his affections.

"Finding that all his efforts proved quite fruitless, and that it was impossible to make any impression, he threw himself once more at her feet, with tears in his eyes, declaring that, if she possessed the cruelty to deprive him of all hope, he should not long survive. The lady remained silent, and Messer Filiberto, then summoning his utmost pride and fortitude to his aid, prepared to take his leave; beseeching her only in the common courtesy and hospitality of the country, to grant him, in return for his long love and sufferings, a single kiss, which, against all social laws, she had before denied him; although it was generally yielded to all strangers who entered an hospitable roof. 'I wish,' replied Donna Zilia, 'I knew whether your affection for me is so strong as you pretend, for then, if you will but take a vow to observe one thing, I will grant what you require. I shall then believe I am truly beloved, but never till then.' The lover eagerly swore to observe the conditions she should impose, and seized the price of the promise he had given. 'Now, Signor Filiberto,' exclaimed the lady, 'prepare to execute the cruel sentence I shall impose. It is my will and pleasure that you no longer trouble me with such entreaties for the future, at least for some time; and if you are a true knight, you will not again unseal your lips for the space of three years.' The lover was greatly surprised and shocked, on hearing so harsh and unjust a sentence; though at the same time, he signified his submission by his silence, merely nodding his assent. Soon after, making the lady a low bow, he took his departure for his own residence. There, taking the affair into his most serious consideration, he at last came to the fixed resolution of submitting to this very severe penalty, as a punishment, at least, for his folly, in so lightly sporting with his oath. Suddenly, then, he became dumb, and feigning that he had met with some accident, he set out from Moncaliero, on his return to Virle. His friends, on finding him in this sad condition, expressed the utmost sorrow and surprise; but, as he retained his usual cheerfulness, and sense enough

to conduct his own affairs, they corresponded with him as well as if he had retained the nine parts of speech. Committing his affairs to the conduct of his steward, a distant relation, in whom he had the highest confidence, he determined to set out on a tour for France, to beguile, if possible, the irksomeness of his situation. Of an extremely handsome person, and possessing noble and imposing manners, the misfortune under which he appeared to labour was doubly regretted, wherever our hero made his appearance.

"About the period of his arrival in France, Charles, the seventh of that name, was engaged in a warm and sanguinary war against the English, attempting to recover possession of the dominions which his predecessors had lost. Having already driven them from Gascony and other parts, he was busily preparing to follow up his successes in Normandy. On arriving at this sovereign's court, Messer Filiberto had the good fortune to find several of his friends among the barons and cavaliers in the King's service, from whom he experienced a very kind reception, which was rather enhanced by their knowledge of the cruel misfortune under which he laboured. But as it was not of such a nature as to incapacitate him for battle, he made signs that he wished to enter into the King's body guards; and being a knight of well known prowess, this resolution was much applauded, no less by his Majesty than by all his friends. Having equipped himself in a suitable manner he accompanied a division of the army intended to carry Rouen by assault. Here he performed such feats of strength and heroic valour in the presence of the King, as to excite the greatest admiration; and on the third attack the place was carried by storm. His Majesty afterwards inquiring more particularly into the history of the valiant knight, and learning that he was one of the lords of Virle in Piedmont, instantly conferred upon him an office in his royal household, and presented him with a large sum of money as an encouragement to persevere in the noble career he had commenced, observing at the same time, that he trusted some of his physicians would be enabled to remove the impediment in his speech. Our hero, smiling at this observation, expressed his gratitude for these royal favours as well as he could; shaking his fist at the same time, in token that he would punish his Majesty's adversaries. Soon after, a sharp skirmish occurred between the French and the enemy for the possession of a bridge. The affair becoming serious, and the trumpets sounding to arms, the King, in order to encourage his troops, galloped towards the spot: Talbot, the commander of the English forces, was already there, and had nearly obtained possession of the bridge. His Majesty was in the act of encouraging his soldiers, when Messer Filiberto, on his black charger, passed him at full speed with his company. With his lance in rest, he rode full at the horse of Talbot, which fell to the ground. Then seizing his huge club, and followed by his companions, he made such terrible havoc among the English, that, dealing death in every blow, he shortly dispersed them on all sides, and compelled them to abandon their position on the bridge. It was with difficulty that their commander himself effected his escape; while King Charles, following up his success, in a short time obtained possession of the whole of Normandy.

"On this occasion the King returned public thanks to the heroic Filiberto, and in the presence of all the first nobility of his kingdom, invested him with the command of several castles, with a hundred men at arms to attend him. He now stood so high in favour at court, that the Monarch spared no expense to obtain the first professional

advice that could be found in every country, with the hope of restoring him to the use of speech; and, after holding a solemn tournament in honour of the French victories, he proclaimed a reward of ten thousand francs to be paid to any physician, or other person, who should be fortunate enough to discover the means of restoring the use of speech to a dumb cavalier, who had lost his voice in a single night. The fame of this reward reaching as far as Italy, many adventurers, induced by the hope of gain, sallied forth to try their skill, however vainly, since it was impossible to make him speak against his will. Incensed at observing such a concourse of people at his court, under the pretence of performing experiments on the dumb gentleman, until the whole capital became infested with quacks, his Majesty ordered a fresh proclamation to go forth, stating, that whoever undertook to effect the cure, should thenceforth, in case of failing to perform what he promised, be put to death, unless he paid down the sum of ten thousand francs. The good effect of this regulation was quickly perceived, in the diminution of pretenders to infallible cures, few caring to risk their fortunes or their lives, in case of their inability to pay, though they had before been so liberal of their reputation. When the tidings of Messer Filiberto's good fortune and favour at the French King's court reached Moncaliero, Donna Zilia, imagining that his continued silence must be solely owing to the vow he had taken, and the time being at length nearly expired, fancied it would be no very bad speculation to secure the ten thousand francs for herself. Not doubting but that his love remained still warm and constant, and that she really possessed the art of removing the dumbness at her pleasure, she resolved to lose no time in setting off directly for Paris, where she was introduced to the commissioners appointed to preside over Messer Filiberto's case. 'I am come, my lords,' she observed, 'hearing that a gentleman of the court has for some time past lost his speech, to restore to him that invaluable faculty, possessing for that purpose some secret remedies, which I trust will prove efficacious. In the course of a fortnight he will probably be one of the most eloquent men at court; and I am quite willing to run the risk of the penalty, if I perform not my engagement as required. There must, however, be no witness to my proceedings; the patient must be entrusted entirely to me. I should not like every pretender to obtain a knowledge of the secret I possess; it is one which will require the utmost art in its application.' Rejoiced to hear her speak with so much confidence on the subject, the commissioners immediately despatched a message to Messer Filiberto, informing him that a lady had just arrived from Piedmont, boasting that she could perform what the most learned of the faculty in France had failed to do, by restoring the dumb to speech. The answer to this was, an invitation to wait upon our hero at his own residence, when he recognized the cruel beauty who had imposed so severe a penance, and concluded at the same time that she had undertaken the journey, not out of any affection for him, but with the most mercenary views. Reflecting on his long sufferings and unrequited affection, his love was suddenly converted into a strong desire of revenge: he therefore came to a determination of still playing the mute, and not deigning to exchange a single word with her, merely bowed to her politely at a distance. After some moments' silence, the lady, finding that he had no inclination to speak, inquired, in a gentle tone, whether he was at a loss to discover in whose company he was? He gave her to understand that he knew her perfectly

well, but that he had not yet recovered his speech; motioning, at the same time, with his fingers towards his mouth. On this she informed him that she now absolved him from his vow, that she had travelled to Paris for that purpose; and that he might talk as much as he pleased. But the dumb lover, only motioning his thanks, still continued as silent as before; until the lady, losing all patience, very freely expressed her disappointment and displeasure. Still it availed her nothing, and fearful of the consequences to herself, if he persisted in his unaccountable obstinacy, she had at length had recourse to caresses and concessions, which, whatever advantage he chose to take of them, proved ultimately as fruitless to restore his eloquence, as every other means. The tears and prayers of the lady, to prevail upon him to speak, became now doubly clamorous; while she sorely repented her former cruelty and folly, which had brought her into the predicament of forfeiting either ten thousand francs or her life. She would immediately have been placed under a military guard, had it not been for the intercession of the dumb gentleman, who made signs that they should desist. The penalty, however, was to be enforced; but the lady, being of an excessively avaricious turn, resolved rather to die than to furnish the prescribed sum, and thus deprive her beloved boy of a portion of his inheritance. When reduced to this extremity, Messer Filiberto, believing that upon the whole he had sufficiently revenged himself, took compassion upon her sufferings, and hastened to obtain an audience of the King. He entreated as a special favour, that his Majesty would remit the fine, and grant liberty to her, as well as to some other debtors, which, in the utmost surprise at hearing the sound of his voice, the King promised to do. He then proceeded to inform his Majesty of the whole history of his attachment to the lady, and the strange results by which it had been attended to both parties, though fortunately all had ended well. Messer Filiberto then hastened to hold an audience with the lady, seriously proposing to give her a little good advice; and she was quite as much rejoiced as his Majesty, when she first heard him speak. 'You may recollect, madam,' he observed, 'that some time ago, when at Montcaliero, I expressed the most ardent and constant attachment to you; an attachment which I did not then think that time could have ever diminished. But your conduct in cheating me into the vow of silence, and your cruelty to me, as well before that time as since, have wrought a complete change in my sentiments towards you. I have acquired wealth and honours; I stand high in the favour of my Monarch; and having, I think, taken ample revenge upon you, by the fears and trouble you have experienced, I have not only granted you your liberty and your life, but ordered you to be freely supplied with every convenience and facility for your return home. I need not advise you to conduct yourself in future with care and prudence; in all the economical virtues you are reputed to be unvarnished; but I would venture to hint, that from the example I have in this instance afforded you, you will become more cautious how you sport with the feelings of those who love you, as it is an old saying—that the wily are often taken in their own nets.' He then provided her with an honourable escort, and money to defray her expenses; while he himself not long after, received the hand of a young beauty of the court, bestowed upon him by his royal master."

The biographical notices are brief, but comprise much information; and of the translation we can speak in terms of unqualified commendation; in short, these volumes should be found on the shelves of all lovers of the light, but

nevertheless, foundation order of literary architecture. The engravings are of a mixed character, several of them happily conceived, and others not so well drawn; but all prettily finished, in as far as the burin is concerned.

Apology addressed to the Travellers' Club; or, Anecdotes of Monkeys. 12mo. pp. 163. London 1825. J. Murray.

1823. J. Murray.

TRAVELLERS see strange sights, before they can form themselves into Clubs at home to surprise each other with relations of their adventures. Our present author is not behind his fellows in the wonders which he has witnessed, nor in the stories which he tells. His Anecdotes of Monkeys, whether collected or experienced, well merit the honours anticipated from the Travellers' Club and from Pickock's Menagerie, where there is another assembly of odd animals from all corners of the earth, roaring, ringing bells, mowing and chattering. Indeed we have thought that there was a strong resemblance between the celebrated Institution alluded to, and our superior neighbours in Exeter 'Change. Brought together from distances of from five hundred to five thousand miles, the *menagerie*, in both cases, is altogether extraordinary. Here a mighty babaw, and there a mighty elephant from Ind rings the bell for dinner: here a *petit-maitre* jabbars French, and there an ape sports a dialect apparently of similar origin, if not distinctly the same. Here is the rough seafaring man of travel—there the Polar bear, to the existence of each of whom salt water is indispensable. Here is the grey antiquary explorer of buried relics, and there the white badger which burrows under grounds where all its treasures lie. Here is the person who ascended the second Cataract, and therethe crocodile of the Nile. Here is the erudite quarto-tour book-maker, and there the porcupine with all his quills. Here are many who fancy themselves the greatest of lions, and there are the great lions themselves. In short, we might trace the likeness between every box of the one and cage of the other; but the speculation would be unprofitable, and we rather address ourselves to the author's most authentic, illustrative, and useful Anecdotes of Monkeys.

"If we were," says he, (beginning with Sailor Monkeys) "in possession of a journal kept on board the Ark, we should no doubt be much better informed of the habits of animals than we are; whether it be that the natural disposition of the beasts, like our own, develops itself more freely on shipboard, from the absence of those occupations and amusements which give it an artificial colouring ashore, or whether it be simply that the peculiarities of the animal are only more discernible from his being brought into a closer contact with man. However this may be, the fact is, I think, undeniable, and I shall therefore begin my *Apology* with anecdotes of two Sailor Monkeys, intending to pursue my object *per mare, non per terras*.

"The first of these sailed on board a frigate, and, though always in scrapes, was the favourite of both of cabin and ward-room, and indeed of every mess except the midshipmen's, being perhaps disliked by these young gentlemen, for the same reasons that poor cousins (as a French author observes) are ill seen by us, to wit, for approaching them too nearly in nature.

"This animal was distinguished, like the rest of his tribe, by a propensity to gratuitous mischief, and one of his principal amusements in fine weather was to possess himself of a plate, cup, or saucer, which he would break to pieces in the chains, and throw overboard, watching the fragments descending through the water with infinite gratification. 'This,' the reader will perhaps say, 'any monkey might do; but another

of his exploits can hardly, I think, be paralleled by any fact in monkish history.

"This monkey was well aware of there being a large store of apples in a locker, in the ward-room; but his thievish tricks were so well known, that he was excluded from all legitimate access to it. Under these circumstances, he provided himself with a piece of wadding, and with this implement in one hand, and swinging himself from the stern gallery with the other, he broke a pane in the ward-room window with his wadding, and having carefully picked out the broken glass, introduced himself into the forbidden territory. Here, like the animal in the fable, he gorged himself so fully that he was unable to retreat. Being taken in the fact, he received the discipline of the rope's end, but derived little benefit from his chastisement.

"The captain, who had also suffered from his depredations, conceived the idea of a more effectual punishment; but this not only led to no reform, but was the cause of a new and most ludicrous offence.

"He was in the habit, it seems, of stealing preserved apricots; into which a quantity of manna was infused by the captain's order. The beast, who (as was expected) swallowed the bait, was considerably inconvenienced by the effects of his medicine, but found out a mode of remedy and revenge. He took possession of one of the quarter-galleries, having observed to what purposes they were appropriated, kept his seat within for some hours, and was only dislodged by breaking down the bulk-head.

"All these pranks, however provoking at the moment, seemed only to make him a greater favourite with the crew. The captain himself, who studied pug's happiness as much as the others, and who perhaps thought he might be somewhat steadied by matrimony, was anxious to provide him with a wife.

"It was at this period that a trifling mistake in wording an order, inundated all England with monkeys. E—W—, distinguished by his passion for a conservatory, meant to write to his correspondent in the Brazils, to collect and send him the two hundred varieties of the monkey-plant: but unfortunately omitted the word *plant*. In consequence of this order, arrived a letter from his correspondent, informing him that he had sent him one hundred and seventy-three varieties of the monkey, which were all that were known in Rio de Janeiro and its neighbourhood; but he had no doubt that the order could be completed by his agents in the interior.

"Before the unhappy botanist could provide for the disposal of this wilderness of monkeys, came another letter, out of which dropt an ominous paper, 'half printed and half written,' which was a bill of lading in the usual form—'Shipt by the grace of God, sound and in good condition, on board the good ship Friendly Endeavour, 173 monkeys, &c. &c. &c. and so God send the good ship Friendly Endeavour, with her cargo, to a safe port.' E—W—, having a little recovered from his consternation, proceeded to read the letter from which this fearful annunciation had dropt. This was from the captain of the good ship Friendly Endeavour, informing him 'that he was arrived in the river with 169 out of 173 monkeys consigned to him, four having died upon the passage; and begging him to have them landed as soon as possible, for they began to be very mischievous.

"They were landed as soon as possible, were disposed of with equal speed, and, in consequence, an unprecedented fall took place in the monkey-market. Exports were now made to the remotest parts of England, and, among these, was a female dispatched to Portsmouth, who was

bought a bargain by the possessor of the maritime monkey, and given by him in marriage to his favourite.

"For some time the happiness of the wedded pair appeared to be complete; and the frigate sailed upon a summer cruise during their honeymoon. The husband, however, soon grew indifferent; and indifference was soon succeeded by disgust. This was manifested by angry looks, chatter, and even blows, upon the female persevering in her attentions.

"All were much disappointed and scandalized at the evil success of so promising a union.

"At length, however, an apparent change took place in the husband's conduct, and was hailed with correspondent joy by the ship's company. Their pleasure was, however, of short duration, for the traitor, having one fine day decoyed his wife out to the end of the fore-top-gallant yard, as if to show her something at sea, and sat down with her on the spar, split his paw under her sitting part and tumbled her overboard.

"I never shall forget the momentary horror with which this was witnessed by all, with the exception of a French captain then a prisoner on board, who, turning to the second lieutenant, exclaimed, 'Parbleu, Monsieur, ce drole là a beaucoup de caractère.'

The story of the Monkeys vice monkey-plants reminds us of a similar mistake which happened to the E—of S—y, one of the greatest Roman Catholic peers in England. His Lordship, early in spring, wrote to ———, his bookseller in town, and, among other orders, requested him to send to the country two hundred *asperagus*. The unlucky bibliophile, reading hastily, mistook the word for *asperges*, the branches with which the sprinkling of holy water is performed in the Catholic Church. He was astonished, to be sure, at the number wanted by his noble correspondent; but, anxious to do his utmost, he traversed London in pursuit of *asperges*. With great toil and diligence he got together fifty, which he transmitted to the Earl, acquainting him at the same time that it was impossible to execute his order fully at once, but the whole number should be completed with all possible speed. But we must get back to the second Sailor Monkey, who, says the writer of these Anecdotes, "went to sea, accompanied by a bear, with a relation of mine, who was captain of a small sloop of war, and who professed to take them with a view to keeping his men in good humour. I believe it was to minister to his own amusement. Probably both objects were attained.

"The monkey principally extracted his fun from the bear. This beast, who was of a saturnine complexion, indulged himself much in sleeping on the sunny side of the deck. On these occasions the monkey would overhaul his paws and twitch out any hair which may be found matted by tar or pitch, the suffering which to remain seemed to be a great scandal in his opinion.

"At other times he would open Bruin's eyelids and peep into his eyes, as if to ascertain what he was dreaming about. The bear, irritated at such liberties being taken with his person, used to make clumsy attempts to revenge himself, but his persecutor was off in an instant. The rigging was, on these occasions, his place of refuge. Thither he was indeed followed by his enemy; but poor Bruin was but an indifferent top-man, and seldom got beyond *lubber's hole*.

"The monkey, on the contrary, was famous for his activity, and for some time was entitled by the sailors, 'Deputy-captain of the fore-top.' He obtained this designation from a very singular practice. Having observed the excitement produced on deck by the announcement of a sail a-head, which, as well as the chase which fol-

lowed, seemed to be highly agreeable to him, the fore-top became his favourite station; from whence he made his signals with great energy, chattering with a peculiar scream when any vessel was in sight, and indicating by signs in what direction it appeared.

"Pug continued to volunteer his services for some time in this manner, and constantly found his reward. But, at length, upon the sloop's getting on bad cruising ground, he found his employment dull, and, by way of enlivening it, amused himself with giving false alarms.

"He was started for this by the boatswain's mate, and lost his rank as Deputy-captain of the fore-top. In lieu of which, moreover, he was new-named *Monk the Marine*; a denomination which he certainly knew to be opprobrious, as he resented it with grimaces, chatter, and, wherever he dared, with blows.

"Though he was fond of the excitement of a chase, he was not supposed to have good nerves, and those who had seen him in action (he was, after the first experiment, always sent below) made but an ill report of his steadiness under fire.

"This poor monkey came to a melancholy end. He had observed a sick lieutenant, who breakfasted after the rest of his mess, making his tea, and being accidentally left alone in the gun-room, determined to imitate him. He however succeeded ill in his mixture: for he infused a paper of tobacco which was lying on the table, into the pot, instead of tea, and afterwards swallowed it with its accompaniments of milk and sugar. This ill-imagined beverage produced the most fearful commotion in his inside, attended with long and loathsome vomitings; of which he finally died.

"The doctor, who was a materialist and an atheist, and a most quarrelsome fellow, (he had killed two brother officers in duels, one for only calling him Dr. Gallipot,) attended him with more care than we had expected; but the poor beast (as the purser said) was outward-bound, and could not be recalled.

"The surgeon pronounced that Pug died of the *iliac passion*, and announced this as a reason for believing that man was but a better breed of monkey."

We have been so much amused with these animal traits, that we must beg leave to show up a few more Monkeys, and monkey tricks in our next Gazette.

FAVART'S MEMOIRS.

WE continue our extracts from these very entertaining Memoirs; certain that our *Favartiana* will be read with much pleasure. The execution described in the following letter from Favart to Garrick imparts a more vivid interest to an epistle, otherwise exceedingly interesting. It is dated—

"24 July, 1768.

"Dear Garrick,—Yes, dear Garrick, for the friendship which you have manifested for me, and that which I have professed for you, give me a right to make use of this familiar epithet, which is the sincere expression of my heart. Then, dear Garrick, I have seen friend Monnet, who filled me with delight, by informing me that you and your worthy lady are in good health. A report had spread here, that your last journey to France had drawn upon you a degree of disgrace in England; but our friend Monnet has calmed my fears, by assuring me that you are happier than ever. This I have no difficulty in believing, for with independence, philosophy, and cheerfulness of disposition, the least citizen ought to live more contentedly than all the sovereigns upon earth. Your fate is a fortunate one; but none



can envy it, for you have justly merited it by your talents.

"Our mutual friend greatly flattered me, by telling me, that you very often made me the subject of your conversations; I know not whether it was his object to gratify my *amour-propre*; but, at all events, he has acted judiciously, if such were his design, as I never so ardently wished for any thing, as to occupy a place in your remembrance.

"M. Monnet took me with him to the house of Mr. Colman, your fellow countryman; we were only a quarter of an hour together, yet in that short space of time, I easily discerned, that he was in reality a man of talent. He spoke to me of his translation of Terence into sciolto, or blank verse, and mentioned some of his researches for enriching the notes of that work. From the nature of his plan, I have no doubt his translation will be favourably received at London. I request you to communicate to me your opinion of it, as well as of a comedy of his, entitled, *The Clandestine Marriage*, which he was kind enough to present to me, although I am not acquainted with the English language.

"A letter has been received here, from Mr. Hum,* who represents the author of *Emilia* as a monster, that is a disgrace at once to literature and to human nature. These two writers, whom I saw the day before their departure, appeared to me to be most warmly attached to each other. What serious subject then has caused a misunderstanding between them? The whole literary world is up in arms against the *Philosopher of Geneva*. There has appeared an anonymous critique upon the funeral eulogy of the Dauphin, composed by M. Thomas, in which M. Rousseau is personally attacked; the encyclopedists are not treated in this piece with more indulgence. Our devotees wish to make the modern philosophers responsible for the errors of an ill-regulated imagination, which falsely-conceived principles have led to the fanaticism of impiety—for every system, even incredulity, has its fanaticism. On this account it is, that the admission of the *Encyclopedic Dictionary* into Paris is prohibited; for the same reason it is, that the *Dictionary* of M. de V—, with the young man of Abbeville, has been committed to the flames.

"The young man in question, called M. Lefebvre de la Barre, was condemned to have his head cut off, and his body burnt, for having insulted an image of Christ. On the day of the execution, when the sentence was read according to the usual practice, he calmly listened to it, and then burst into laughter. The confessor was admitted to him, but the young man discoursed with him, until the dinner hour arrived, on nothing but light and humorous subjects. They sat down to table, and after they had abundantly dined, M. de la Barre asked the doctor if he might not be allowed to take coffee.—'I see no objection to it,' replied the priest.—'You are right,' rejoined the unfortunate man, in a gay tone of voice, 'it will neither trouble my digestion, nor prevent me from sleeping.' The officers came to lead him to execution, but he still displayed the same tranquillity of soul; on setting his foot upon the scaffold, however, a slight change in his countenance was visible. 'Ah! you are then afraid of death,' exclaimed the priest.—'Not in the least; but I observe, with indignation, several of my enemies amongst the crowd, who have come to feast their eyes with the spectacle of my death; look, do you not see them here, and also there? Good God! to what an extent are the hatred and animosity of men carried.'

"The doctor was desirous of taking advan-

* J. C. David Nume.—Edit.

tage of this moment, in order to speak to him of the formidable transition from life to death. 'Ah! Mr. Curé,' said the young man, 'in an instant or two I shall know as much and more than you upon this matter.—What is that piece of paper dancing at the end of a cord?' asked he.—'It is the effigy of your unfortunate accomplice,' a reply which again excited the laughter of M. de la Barre. He then observed, in a more reflecting tone, 'that man ought really to be hanged for his honour; he has fled like a poltroon.' Gazing on the other side, at one corner of the scaffold, he perceived seven very well dressed gentlemen, and he inquired who they were.—The answer was, that they were executioners. 'What! seven executioners for me, for me alone! really that is droll enough!' He beckoned to one of them to approach.—'You are then an executioner, Sir?'—'Yes, Sir, from Paris; I have that honour.'—'Was it you who beheaded M. de Lali?'—'Yes, Sir, I had that honour likewise.'—'Mark then, friend, it is said that you went very clumsily to work; that you missed your aim.'—'True, Sir; but it was not my fault, for he would not have the complaisance to fix himself properly.'—'Well! tell me how I must hold myself; I confess I am not acquainted with the mode, as this is the first time I have been prepared to have my head chopped off; place me yourself.'—'Most willingly, my dear Sir.' The executioner placed him in a certain situation; but the culprit having moved a little, without being aware of it, he heard the executioner say to the priest, in a low tone of voice, 'He holds himself badly.' He immediately turned to the operator and exclaimed, 'Zounds and the devil! place me better then, it is your business; if you miss me, you will again lay the fault on me.' He was placed a second time. 'Am I right?' The executioner replied by a stroke with the sword, which made the head fly off. The body was afterwards thrown upon the pile, and, as I have already stated, the *Philosophical Dictionary*, because M. Lefebvre de la Barre had boasted that he had read it.

"This execution reminds me of an anecdote on the subject of M. de Lali, before his departure for the Government of Pondicherry. He was dining at the house of Madame de G—, with several ladies and gentlemen belonging to the court. There was present an old military man, famous for his witticisms, who laughed and cried by turns, owing to a gouty rheumatism, which frequently proved inimical to his gaiety. As his fits and suffering were excessively violent, each was anxious to indicate, as is customary on such occasions, the remedy he deemed most efficacious. One individual of the company remarked, that there was none more efficacious than the fat of a hanged man, with which the patient should rub himself. Where is the fat of a hanged man to be found? At the house of Charlot, the executioner, who lives at Villeneuve. (The company were then at their dessert, and had uncorked their champagne.) A party was formed to go to Charlot's. M. de Lali bundled the old officer into his carriage, and the sufferer, crying and swearing, was taken to the residence of Charlot, that grand master of scaffold ceremonies, who, feeling himself greatly honoured by the visit, gave as much fat as was desired. M. de Lali afterwards requested to see his cabinet of natural history, which he had heard highly spoken of. Charlot at first shewed him some gibbets, cords, &c.; he then opened a small cupboard, drew forth a damask cloth, and, exhibiting it to M. de Lali, observed; 'All that I have yet presented to your view only serve for the punishment of those beggarly creatures—of those poor devils who are rogues, because they have not the means of being honest men; but

this is for the nobility—this is for you, my Lord, who are a very honest gentleman. M. de Lali and his suite laughed heartily at the simplicity of Charlot; but the governor of Pondicherry might have regarded the observation as a prediction of his future fate.

"If the public voice* is to be listened to, this M. de Lali was a monster. It is reported, that during the siege of Pondicherry, a poor woman, in the last stage of wretchedness, came and threw herself at his feet, imploring him to give her bread for three children whom she had. 'Thou hast three children and yet complainest,' said this barbarian; 'eat them, and thou wilt have wherewithal to subsist upon for more than a fortnight.'

"Mademoiselle Durancy quits the opera to join the Théâtre Français; it is asserted that she is a worthy rival of Mademoiselle Clairon, and that no one has appeared possessing more decided talent.

"Mademoiselle Lain is likewise quitting the opera, and Pitrot is coming. There is to be represented this evening, at the Comédie Italienne, a piece in verse and in ariettes, entitled *La Clochette*. The subject is taken from *La Fontaine*; the words are by M. Anseume, and the music by M. Duni.

"When I have any thing interesting to say, I will immediately communicate it to you, for I am desirous of making up for all my failures towards you. You alone are able to conquer my indolence. Adieu, dear Garrick, and be assured that I shall always be sincerely yours."

Our next is a letter from Mr. Garrick to M. Favart, dated— "London, Feb. 5, 1767.

"You cannot conceive, my very dear Favart, the pleasure that your letter has given me, and although my reason plainly shows me the prepossession of friendship which reigns, in my behalf, both in your verse and in your prose, the source whence it proceeds renders it dear to me. My *amour-propre* has even been sorely flattered by your verses, that I have not been able to resist the inclination to shew them to my friends, who have forced me to expose myself by replying to them. I send you this little composition of mine in English and in French; but as the translation has been written by one of my friends who never in his life rhymed before, you must be good enough to excuse the faults against poetic laws which you may discover in it.

"I am not less flattered by the account you have given me of the belles lettres and of the theatres of your country; and if you will take the trouble to continue this correspondence two or three times a year, so that it may not interfere too much with your pursuits, I shall receive it as the greatest possible favour. I know not whether you have not deceived yourself with respect to the piece which you ask me for; that of which I spoke to you is a comedy bearing the title of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*; which signifies in your language: *Si vous pouvez gouverner une Femme, prenez-en une*. The foundation of the piece is an officer in the army, who, not being in very easy circumstances, feigns to be a fool in order to insinuate himself into the good graces of a female who only wishes to marry with a view of being able to indulge more easily her taste for pleasure, and who merely seeks, in a husband, a cover for her dissipation. At length, from the moment of the marriage of this man, he begins by degrees to render himself the master, and to dismiss the company which appears to him suspicious, declaring that he is determined to make use of his authority. If this is the one which

* The justification of M. de Lali, by a sovereign court, pronounced a long time after his execution, may give an idea of the degree of credit to be attached to the public voice."

you wish to have, I will transmit it to you by the first opportunity. I am infinitely obliged to you for the verses of Voltaire; they are not, in my opinion, the best he has written. I am exactly of your opinion on this affair, and you may feel assured that the piece shall not leave my possession. I beg you to say to our dear friend, Monnet, that it is a long time since I received any letters from him. I hope he is not offended with me because I cannot send him the political news which he desired me to furnish him; he must appreciate the reasons that prevent me from gratifying him on this point. The surtout, the petticoat, and the cheese are ready. I have only been waiting for an opportunity of sending them to him, as I am informed they are contraband at Calais; but if he wishes to run the risk, he has only to give me a more particular address of the place to which he would have them despatched. My wife presents you, as well as Madame Favart, with her regards and best compliments.

"I am, most sincerely, in secula seculorum, Yours, &c. &c.

"Here are my verses.

"The picture friendship sent, to friendship due,
May not the critic eye with rapture strike:
But this, Favart, thy partial fondness drew,
Not vanity will whisper, it is like.

"But why for me thy choicest colours blend?
The first of actors, best of mortals paint!
His fume sleep and judgment place thy friend,
Far from a genius, farther from a saint.

"I feel the danger of thy syren art,
Struck with a pride till now I never knew;
South not the folly of a mind and heart,
Which boasts no merit but the love of you.

"Translation of the preceding verses by M. de V.

"Si dans mon portrait, cher Favart,
Ton esprit suspendu chercha la ressemblance,
Peux-tu que celui qu'a désiré ton art,
Doit, pour l'essetitude, avoir la préférence?
"Ton aveugle amitié des plus belles couleurs
Peint le meilleur des cœurs, le premier des acteurs;
Chasse une illusion qui m'est trop favorable,
Vois ton ami d'un œil plus sain:
Il est loin d'être un génie admirable,
Plus loin encore d'être un saint.

"Je sens trop le danger de ton art enchanteur;
Tu portes dans mon âme un orgueil séducteur;
Mais ma vanité raisonnable,
Me montre le seul point en quoi je suis louable,
C'est d'aimer tes talents et d'estimer ton cœur.

"N.B. Our friend de la Place can give you an excellent translation. Make him a thousand compliments in my behalf."

From these Memoirs we now copy one or two of their many anecdotes:

"A remarkable circumstance happened to Father Chrysostom, and he has been kind enough to relate it himself. One day, when he was preaching at Belleville, the crowd was so great that the church could not contain all the auditors. A very devout peasant, who was in the church-yard with his ass, thought he could understand the sermon better if he could see the gesticulations of the preacher. For this purpose he mounted Martin, and both of them alternately stretched out their ears. The father had not yet finished his second point, when the worthy peasant smote his breast and began to weep. Martin at the same time braying in concert. 'Make that ass hold his tongue,' exclaimed a lusty man, in a voice stronger than that of the Stentor of Arcadia. The preacher, who imagined that he was spoken of, exclaimed in his turn: 'Turn out that insolent fellow!' 'You see Abbé,' says Favart, in commenting on this anecdote, 'that there are people in the world who do themselves justice.'"

"In 1741, J.B. Rousseau died at Brussels. Voltaire was in that city at the same time. A French Counsellor, who was established there, visited Abbé Couchet a few days before the event took

* It is difficult to discover Garrick's meaning in this expression.

place, and said to him: 'Here are two distinguished men, whom we must try to reconcile.' 'I am the friend of Rousseau,' replied the latter; 'but I am not acquainted with Voltaire.' 'I will speak to him on the subject,' continued the Counsellor; which in reality he did. Voltaire consented that Abbé Couchet should mention the subject to Father Marc, a Carmelite Friar, the confessor of Rousseau, who immediately went to his penitent, and said to him:—'M. de Voltaire is disposed to have a reconciliation with you.' 'Ah!' replied the dying Rousseau, 'it is somewhat late; I pardon him with all my heart, but, in the state in which I am, I know not whether I shall be able to endure his presence.' It was deemed advisable not to proceed further. Rousseau was buried in the chapel of the *Petits-Carmes* (Little Carmelites.)

LYALL'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &c.

DR. LYALL estimates the Tartar population of the Crimea at about 250,000 souls:

"Of books of tales they are immoderately fond, in common with other Asiatic nations. In the library attached to the mosque of the khans, at Bakchiserai, there are some splendid Asiatic manuscripts, but they are only used by the *effendis*, in order to ascertain or settle any doubtful point of Mahomedan law. There are a great many poems in circulation. I have met with a Tartar translation of the Gulistan of Hafiz. Their poetry is of a very low character. Though abounding with imagery, it is very dull and lifeless; and the sense is uniformly sacrificed to the sound, and the clashing of the rhyme. As to songs, they have many; but the use of them is confined to the common people: they are amorous, and often very licentious."

The travellers crossed the Bosphorus from Kaffa, and did not find it so perilous as Pallas painted. At Taman the collection of antiquities is large and interesting; indeed all this part of the earth is classic ground; and it is one of the wonderful vicissitudes presented by history, to see the savage Tchérnomorskii Kosaks preserving the relics of the ancient kingdom of Mithridates.

At Karass, which is situated about two miles from the foot of the Beshtau, or Five Mountains, within sight of Mount Caucasus, is settled a Scotch missionary colony.

"In 1822," when visited by Dr. L., "the population of the colony consisted of only three Scotch families, including the minister's, and of between twenty and thirty German families."

"The quantity of arable land, lately measured off for the colony by order of government, is 2,500 *desiatins*, which, allowing three acres to a *desiatin*, is upwards of 7,000 acres, exclusive of nearly 1,000 *desiatins*, overgrown with brush-wood, reeds, &c. The soil of the lands of the colony and neighbourhood, is a rich black loam, which, when well cultivated, is remarkably productive in all kinds of grain, though, as the Germans find the culture of tobacco, potatoes, &c. more profitable, the portion of land appropriated to the raising of corn is but small. Great quantities of excellent cabbages are also raised by the Germans, which, when taken to the market at Georgievsk, or the village at the spring of Konstantinogorsk, bring a high price, being reckoned the best in the country."

"From Mr. Glen we learn, that till the Scotch missionaries went to Karass, potatoes were scarcely known on the Kuma, and are still considered as a rarity.* He likewise adds, that he found that valuable article better at this establishment than any where else in Russia. Good potatoes, however, are to be got both at Moscow

and Petersburg, especially those raised by the German colonists, and other foreigners, who understand not only how to cultivate them, but likewise how to boil them. In the last respect the Russians are extremely ignorant, and they spoil good potatoes by allowing them to boil very slowly, or to soak long in water. The peasants have still a saying among them, that 'potatoes are not an article of God's giving, or he would have given them to the Russians.' This nonsense, however, is annually becoming less credited, and the common people begin to consume considerable quantities of this invaluable root."

The author does not appear to expect great success from the missionary labours among the Circassians.* Of the clergyman residing at Karass at this period (Mr. Jack), he relates—

"We found him ready to receive us into his house, in the most hospitable manner; and I was not a little pleased at the opportunity I had of joining the private family devotions of a Scotch clergyman so remote from our country. A maid-servant, who talked 'broad Scotch,' attracted our notice; but what was our surprise on being informed that she was one of the children of the Circassians, who had been brought from her parents, educated in the colony, steadily followed its fortunes, and was now a sincere Christian. John Abercrombie, another of these converts, and a ransomed Circassian, called upon me at Moscow in 1822, and I took him for a Scotchman. I was about to present a glass of wine to him, when the gentleman whom he accompanied said, 'John is my servant, Sir.'"

A visit to a Circassian village, near Karass, offers a curious picture:

"Mr. Jack had come along with some friendly Circassians on purpose to join us at Konstantinogorsk, and to conduct us to their houses. After a drive of about four versts, we reached their village at the foot of Beshtau. It was inclosed by a paling of basket-work, which, after alighting, we entered by a wicket. A number of women, miserably dressed, made their escape, but the children, almost in a state of nudity, remained for a few minutes to gaze at us. One black-eyed girl, of a very dark complexion, with a naked child in her arms, reminded us of the savages of America and India. The *Usdeen*, or noble, who was well-dressed and very clean, conducted us past a number of wicker-work clay-plastered houses, one of which had been blown down the preceding night, an occurrence which is very common, and which is greatly facilitated by the lightness of the materials of which they consist, and by each standing separate from the others. Our host's wife had retreated to her own apartment, and no persuasion could induce him to present us to her. We saw and conversed, however, through Mr. Jack, with his mother, an old woman, who had a dignified deportment. We were shown into a small room, with the fire-place on one side, and a very low sofa, with cushions, on the other, the wall being hung, not with tapestry, but with woven straw, and covered with Circassian fire-arms, swords, and poniards. This noble wished to kill a sheep for our entertainment, but as we refused to await its preparation, a small low round table, without table-cloth, knives, forks, or plates, was covered by millet boiled in milk, like pieces of

* He says, however, elsewhere—"Although the Scotch colony had not as yet been attended with all the success which was to be wished, Mr. Jack was in great hopes of being ultimately successful in the object of his mission. He was upon excellent terms, as we had opportunities of witnessing, both with the chiefs of the Nogay Tartars, and those of the Circassians. Having gained their confidence and esteem, he is likely to become useful; and then, though only established for about two years at Karass, he had succeeded in obtaining a hearing from the natives, who had also submitted to be catechised."

padding. In the centre was placed a wooden dish, containing pieces of new cheese, like curd, which had been toasted with butter and honey. At another table, his children, and some other girls, partook of the same fare, which they helped themselves to with their hands. They were all dressed in gaudy colours, and walked in high pattens. They were very fine girls, and most of them had beautiful features.

"We gave our host, Soliman Abazkoief, a terrible note, under the name of his eldest daughter. Another *Usden*, or noble, Shôra, who had also joined us at Konstantinogorsk, and accompanied us to the village, employs himself as a *whip-maker*, and from him we bought a number of Circassian whips, for four, ten, and even fifteen roubles; those at the last price having a small dagger in the handle. All of them were remarkably well made.

"As we proceeded to Karâss, we could not help being amused at the component parts of our party. A Scotch priest, mounted as among his native hills, and a Circassian noble and whip-maker, on his beautiful steed, rode side by side, or tried the speed of their horses against one another, as we were whirled along by the Russian *iretschiks*, who sung with great animation. In the evening, Soliman, and another noble, a Nogay *mîrza*, or prince, whose village was in an uproar, and who had been to complain to the military authorities at Konstantinogorsk, made us a visit, and were highly pleased with the presents we made them of English razors, as was also our faithful attendant Shôra. The latter we found to be a clever intelligent man, who both spoke and wrote Russian very well; his occupation proclaimed that he was not rich, but yet he had a noble mind, and perhaps only awaits an opportunity to distinguish himself. Mr. Jack having informed us, that he had been at different times on the point of becoming a convert to the Christian religion, and once had consented to be baptised, and then relapsed into his Mahomedan ideas and opinions, I entered into a long conversation with him, and was equally surprised at his knowledge and his powerful mode of reasoning.*

"The Christian religion, which was formerly taught among the primitive mountains of the Caucasus, is now almost entirely unknown, the natives having become either Mahomedans or idolaters. It is true, a few of the Ossetinians at Kazbék, and its vicinity, profess Christianity, but they are deficient in the knowledge of its principles."

The following story of another faith, is told in crossing the Caucasus towards Georgia:

"An officer who accompanied us through the mountain defiles, and who had passed a number of years in this vicinity, informed us, that numerous villages, which we had remarked before reaching Kashiûr, were inhabited by *Teitulations*, who had an oracle that was consulted on all occasions. He had been employed, at times, to collect taxes among this people, with whom he was on good terms. Though the pretended oracle, under the form of a cat, was in his pay, yet it told its devotees that they ought to kill him. He was invited to their annual *fête*, and most unexpectedly attacked. One of his men was killed, and he himself wounded; and, indeed, he effected his retreat with great difficulty. The same gentleman also told us, that the greatest punishment employed by these people is of a singular kind: a cat is tied upon the delinquent's back, and is then irritated by gentle strokes, which it naturally retaliates by scratching. The sufferer is afraid to offer resistance, because the animal

being sacred, to hurt or kill it would be a great crime."

The first volume concludes with an account of Tiflis; but our quotations (having in the beginning selected several from vol. ii.) have been sufficient to enable readers to form their own judgment on the whole work.

MEMOIRS OF FOUCHÉ.

It is worthy of remark, in tracing the ascendancy of Buonaparte, that all his competitors in the race of ambition, to which the revolution opened the way—including even his brother Lucien—seem to have yielded to him that arm of power with which he so daringly advanced himself, while they thought they were themselves, like master spirits, working all the political machinery for their own elevation. The army was always the share allotted to Napoleon: he took the army, and through the army the supreme power; showing his rivals, that in policy and intrigue, as well as in the field of war, he was their superior. But to return to Fouché, he tells, that at the period of the peace of Lunerville, "there were spies upon every staff officer;" and yet we find in some of the lesser movements of this corrupt court, very curious instances of police collisions and altercations.

"The heart of Buonaparte," says Fouché, "was not alien from vengeance and hatred, nor was his mind shut against prejudice; and it was easily to perceive through the veil in which he shrouded himself, a decided inclination to tyranny. It was precisely that inclination that I exerted myself to mitigate and combat; but for that purpose, I never employed any other weapons than the ascendancy of truth and reason. I was sincerely attached to that personage, fully persuaded as I was, that there was no one in the career of arms and in the civil order, who possessed a character so firm, so persevering; such a character, in short, as was requisite to direct the government and suppress faction. I even persuaded myself at that time, that it was possible to mitigate that great character, in all that it comprised of too much violence and intractability. Others calculated on a passion for women; for Buonaparte was by no means insensible to their charms; at all events, it was obvious that the fair sex would never obtain an influence over him prejudicial to public affairs. The first in this direction was not successful. Having been struck on his last passage through Milan with the theatrical beauty of the singer G——, and still more by the sublime accents of her voice, he made her some rich presents, and wished to attach her to him. He charged Berthier with the task of concluding a treaty with her on liberal terms, and conducting her to Paris; she even performed the journey in Berthier's carriage. Having a tolerably rich establishment of fifteen thousand francs a month, she exhibited her brilliancy at the theatre, and the concerts at the Tuilleries, where her voice performed wonders. But at that time the chief magistrate made a point of avoiding scandal; and not wishing to give Joséphine, who was excessively jealous, any subject of complaint, his visits to the beautiful vocalist were abrupt and clandestine. Amours without attention and without charms, were not likely to satisfy a proud and impassioned woman, who had something masculine in her character. G—— had recourse to the usual infallible antidote; she fell violently in love with the celebrated violin player, Rode. Equally smitten himself, he was incapable of preserving any terms in his attachment; equally defying the vigilance of Junot and Berthier. While these intrigues were going on, Buonaparte one day told me that he was astonished, with my acknowledged ability, that I did not conduct the police

better, and that there were circumstances of which I was ignorant.—'Yes,' I replied, 'there are things of which I was ignorant, but of which I am so no longer; for instance, a little man, muffled up in a grey great coat, often issues, on dark nights, from a back door of the Tuilleries, accompanied by a single attendant, mounts a shabby vehicle, and proceeds to ferret out a certain Signora G——; that little man is yourself; and the misjudging vocalist sacrifices her fidelity to you in favour of Rode, the violin-player.' At these words the Consul, turning his back upon me and remaining silent, rang the bell, and I withdrew. An aide-de-camp was commissioned to perform the part of a black eunuch to the unfaithful fair one, who indignantly refused to submit to the regulations of the seraglio. She was first deprived of her establishment and pensions, in hope of reducing her to terms by famine; but, deeply in love with Rode, she remained inflexible, and rejected the most brilliant offers of the *Pylades* Berthier. She was then compelled to quit Paris: she first retired into the country with her lover; but afterwards both made their escape, and went to Russia to recruit their fortune."

These were, we suppose, a part of Rode's Variations!! The mode in which Buonaparte greeted the intelligence of the death of the Emperor Paul, may be read as a little bit of bravura in his style.

"I received," says our author, "by *estafette*, from a foreign bank, the first tragical intelligence of this event; I hurried to the Tuilleries and found the First Consul, whose courier had also just arrived, grasping and twisting his despatch, while he walked about in a hurried manner and with an haggard air. 'What!' said he, 'an emperor not in safety in the midst of his guards!' In order to appease him, some of my colleagues, myself and the consul Cambacérés, told him, that whatever might be the mode of deposition practised in Russia, luckily the south of Europe was a stranger to such treacherous habits and attempts. But none of our arguments appeared to affect him; his sagacity perceived their hollowness in regard to his position and the danger he had run in December. He gave vent to his passion in ejaculations, stampings of the foot, and short fits of rage. I never beheld so striking a scene. To the grief, which the result of the battle of Copenhagen had inflicted, was now added the poignant mortification which he experienced from the unexpected murder of the Russian potentate, whose friend and ally he had become. Political disappointments thus added additional pang to his regret. There was an end to the northern league against England.

"The tragical death of Paul the First, inspired Buonaparte with melancholy ideas, and aggravated the mistrust and suspicion of his character. He dreamt of nothing but conspiracies in the army; he cashiered and caused to be arrested several general officers, among others, Humbert, whom I had some difficulty in saving from his inflexible severity. At the same time, an informer caused the intentions of Bernadotte to be suspected, and seriously compromised him.

"At various intervals, advantage had been taken of some republican speeches, made by him in his *etat-major*, to excite the mistrust of the First Consul against him. All of a sudden he was unexpectedly recalled, and fell into disgrace. There were several arrests, and the whole staff of Bernadotte was disorganized, but without much noise; above all, Buonaparte wished to avoid publicity: 'Europe,' said he, 'ought to think that there are no more conspiracies against me. I maintained a great reserve about all the particulars which were sent to me concerning an affair which was more military than civil, and

* Shôra is spoken of by Mr. Glen (p. 84). He appeared to be very cunning, and perhaps he reaps some advantage from his attachment to the missionaries."

which was connected by very slight points of union with my functions. But I gave Bernadotte, whom I forbore to see, some useful directions, for which he expressed his obligations. A little time after, his brother-in-law, Joseph Bonaparte, arranged his reconciliation with the First Consul; it was the second since the 18th Brumaire. In consequence of my advice, Bonaparte made an effort, by well-deserved favours and rewards, to attach so distinguished a statesman and skilful a general to his person."

It was soon after this that a French force first entered Portugal, respecting which Fouché relates that—

"In its distress the court of Lisbon endeavoured to find safety by lavishing its treasures on its invaders. It opened direct negotiations with Lucien, and on the 6th of June, preliminaries of peace were signed at Badajoz, through the operation of a secret subsidy of thirty millions, which were shared between the First Consul's brother and the Prince of Peace. Such was the source of the immense fortune of Lucien. The First Consul, who wished to occupy Lisbon, was at first outrageous, threatening to recal his brother, and not to recognise the stipulation of Badajoz. Talleyrand and I endeavoured to make him feel the ill effects which would result from such a public display. Talleyrand supported his arguments in favour of the basis of the treaty by the interest of our alliance with Spain, by the happy position thus supplied us of an approximation with England, who finding herself excluded from the ports of Portugal, would be anxious to re-enter them; he very adroitly proposed modifications of the treaty. In fine, the sacrifice of the diamonds of the Princess of Brazil, and a gift to the First Consul of ten millions for his private purse, relaxed his vigour so much that he suffered the definitive treaty to be concluded at Madrid."

The leading events which followed, and are delineated by the author agreeably to his own views, were, the sending of the army to St. Domingo, where Buonaparte justly calculated, that the troops attached to Moreau would perish;—the Peace of Amiens;—the Restoration of Catholicism in France;—the Amnesty to the Emigrants;—the Institution of the Legion of Honour, and the Extension of the Consulate for life.—Soon after this, Fouché was dismissed; but, to sweeten the draught, one million two hundred thousand francs, half of the sum which the Secret Police Treasury held, was presented to him by the First Consul, who himself pocketed the other moiety!!!

We will pass over other matters, to record Fouché's version of the assassination of the Duke D'Enghien. He says,

"I was one of the first to obtain a knowledge of the mission of Caulaincourt and Ordener to the banks of the Rhine; but when I was informed that the telegraph had just announced the arrest of the prince, and that the order to transfer him from Strasbourg to Paris was given, I foresaw the catastrophe, and I trembled for the life of the noble victim. I hurried to Malmaison, where the First Consul then was; it was the 29th Ventose, (20th March, 1804). I arrived there at nine o'clock in the morning, and I found him in a state of agitation, walking by himself in the park. I entreated permission to say a word to him about the great event of the day. 'I see,' said he, 'what brings you; I am about to strike a great and necessary blow.' I represented to him that France and Europe would be roused against him, if he did not supply undeniable proof that the Duke had conspired against his person at Ettenheim. 'What necessity is there for proof?' he exclaimed. 'Is he not a Bourbon, and the most dangerous of all

of them?' I persisted in offering arguments of policy calculated to silence the reasons of state. But all in vain; he concluded by impatiently telling me, 'Have not you and your friends told me a thousand times that I should conclude by becoming the General Monk of France, and by restoring the Bourbons? Very well! there will no longer be any way of retreating. What stronger guarantee can I give to the revolution, which you have cemented by the blood of a King? It is, besides, indispensable to bring things to a conclusion; I am surrounded by plots; I must imprint terror, or perish.' In saying these last words, which left nothing more to hope, he had approached the castle; I saw M. de Talleyrand arrive, and a moment after the two consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun. I regained my carriage, and re-entered my own house in a state of consternation.

"The next day I learned, that after my departure a council had been held, and that Savary had proceeded at night to the execution of the unfortunate victim; atrocious circumstances were quoted. Savary had revenged himself, it was reported, of having missed his prey in Normandy, where he had flattered himself with having ensnared, by means of the net-work of the conspiracy of Georges, the Duke de Berri and the Count d'Artois, whom he would have more willingly sacrificed than the Duke d'Enghien. Réal assured me that he was so little prepared for the nocturnal execution, that he had departed in the morning to go to the prince at Vincennes, expecting to conduct him to Malmaison, and conceiving that the First Consul would finish the affair in a magnanimous manner. But a *coup d'état* appeared indispensable to impress Europe with terror, and eradicate all the germs of conspiracy against his person.

"Indignation, which I had foreseen, broke out in the most sanguinary manner. I was not the person who hesitated to express himself with the least restraint respecting this violence against the rights of nations and humanity. 'It is more than a crime,' I said, 'it is a political fault; words which I record because they have been repeated and attributed to others.'

The banishment of Moreau, and the assumption of the Imperial dignity, opened a new career, and of a character which Fouché states, well would require the pen of a Suetonius to describe. His own description is, however, of appalling profanity.

"For a long time Napoleon was convinced, notwithstanding the artifices of Joséphine, that she would never give him any progeny. This situation was calculated sooner or later to tire the patience of the founder of a great empire, in all the vigour of his age. Joséphine, therefore, found herself between two rocks; infidelity and divorce. Her anxieties and alarms had increased since his accession to the consulship for life, which she knew was only a stepping stone to the empire. In the interim, mortified by her sterility, she conceived a plan for substituting her daughter Hortense in the affection of her husband, who already, in a sensual point of view, was escaping from her, and who, in the hope of seeing himself born again in a son, might break the knot which united him to her; it would not have been without pain. On one side, habit; on the other, the amiable temper of Joséphine, and a kind of superstition, seemed to secure to her forever the attachment, or at least the attentions, of

"* Without seeking to exonerate M. the Duke de Rovigo, who has so inefficiently justified himself from participation in the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, we will just observe that Fouché labours here under a little suspicion of partiality; he did not like M. de Rovigo, who was invested subsequently with his post as minister of police.—Note of the French Editor."

Napoleon; but great subject for inquietude and anxiety did not the less exist. The preservative naturally presented itself to the mind of Joséphine; she was even little impeded in the execution of her plan.

"Hortense, when young, had felt a great dislike to the husband of her mother; she indeed detested him: but by degrees, time, age, and the halo of glory which surrounded Napoleon, and his attentions to Joséphine, induced Hortense to pass from the extreme of antipathy to adoration. Without being handsome, she was witty, sparkling, replete with graces and talents. She pleased; and the liking became so animated on both sides, that it was sufficient for Joséphine to affect the air of being maternally pleased, and afterwards to shut her eyes upon the matter, in order to secure her domestic triumph. The mother and daughter reigned at the same time in the heart of this haughty man. When, according to the mother's views, the tree began to bear fruit, it was necessary to think of masking, by a sudden marriage, an intrigue which already began to reveal itself to the eyes of the courtiers. Hortense would have willingly given her hand to Duroc; but Napoleon, looking to the future, and calculating from that time the possibility of an adoption, wished to concentrate in his own family, by a double incest, the intrigue to which he was about to be indebted for all the charms of paternity. Thence the union of his brother Louis and Hortense—a melancholy union, and which ended in rending the veil of deception.

"Meantime the wishes of all parties, with the exception of those of the new husband, were, at first, auspiciously fulfilled. Hortense gave birth to a son, who took the name of Napoleon, and on whom Napoleon lavished marks of tenderness, of which he was not believed susceptible. This child came forward in the most charming manner; and by its features alone doubly interested Napoleon at the period of his accession to the empire. No doubt he designed him from that time in his heart as his adopted son."

CALDCLEUGH'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

The second volume of this work (which contains much useful information) sets out with an account of the revolution and government of Chili. From Santiago, Mr. Caldcleugh proceeds to Lima, which is also described; he returns to Chile and Buenos Ayres, sails thence for Rio de Janeiro, and, after making several interesting excursions in Brazil, comes back to England. Without following his route, we shall make our extracts where they appear to be most worthy of notice. In re-crossing the Cordillera from Chile to Buenos Ayres, by the Pass of Uspallata, the author draws the following picture of the mode of travelling:

"We reached the edge of the snow, and dismounted. The guide now began to prepare the ajotas, which is simply a sheep-skin cut in a triangular form, and the foot being placed in the centre on the wool, the point is brought up and with the other two sides fastened round the leg,—the shoes are previously removed. The pillions, or sheepskins of the saddle, are then tied round the waist before and behind, in order that the body may be kept dry either when sitting on the snow or falling in it; a bordon or walking-stick is placed in the hand, and a piece of green silk over the eyes to prevent snow blindness. Thus equipped, the various articles of provisions, clothes, and saddles

* We were not aware, that in our Review of these Travels in our last number, the story of a young man who was bitten by a rattle-snake, was related in "the American Farmer's Letters;" published many years ago. It is not at all improbable that this tale of the rattle-snake is told very often, as "a good traveller's story."

were distributed among the party. The leading man was appointed by the guide, and we began the march. The mules were led and driven for nearly a league over the snow, (*para romper la nieve*;) but I could not learn for what reason this plan was adopted. The direction lay over the sloping sides of the mountains, and as the snow was frozen hard, some idea may be formed of the extreme danger which existed of falling down the precipice. We had not proceeded very far when, rounding a *faldón** which rose out of a deep valley of snow, one of the mules slipped and was rolled with a thousand turns to the bottom. My sensations at seeing the poor animal precipitated in this manner were those of horror, but succeeded by surprise when I observed that he afterwards got up and walked about. He was left to die a more cruel death than if a rock had projected and he had been dashed to pieces in his descent; there was no way of getting him out. I prevailed on the guide to send back the rest, for I could not discover that they were of any use to us, and being without shoes they ran considerable risk of their lives. Soon after the mules left us to return to the valley, we ascended a very steep mountain where it was necessary for the two first men in the line to make steps with a pointed iron they carried with them. The ajotas and sheepskins, together with the exercise, kept me in a state of perspiration. We passed on the left a flat plain of snow, which was pointed out as the lake of the Inca frozen over. After most dangerous and laborious walking we arrived at seven o'clock at the Casucha del Juncal, where it was resolved to pass the night. We lighted the charcoal inside of the Casucha, and all creeping together on the floor, endeavoured to keep out the cold. We had scarcely laid down when a man arrived with some mules from the Mendoza side; he had most inconsiderately entered the Cordillera with mules at this period of the year, and had been shut up for five days by a snow-storm near the summit. During the night, the three mules which he had brought with him attacked some of the bordones of the party, which had been left outside, and shortened several so much as to render them useless. They were formed of green but extremely hard wood. The poor animals had not eaten for more than five days. The elevation of this Casucha above the sea is about 10,501 English feet by barometrical measurement.

This is certainly not a very agreeable way of journeying; and we are not astounded that Mr. C. having experienced its inconveniences, and afterwards those of transport by sea in a small vessel, should, whimsically enough, express his belief—

"If there be such a place as purgatory, and travelling in it, there can be no doubt that the modes of conveyance are mules by land, and tennug brigs by sea."

At Cordova, on his land transit, the author mentions a curious circumstance.

"In the house there were two or three dogs without hair, like the Turkish breed. I had met several of them before, and learned with surprise that they were much used in cases of catarrh or phlegm. Persons afflicted in this way, go to sleep with them lying on their chests, and, they say, derive the greatest advantage from the heat of their bodies."

The account of Lopez, the governor of Santa Fé, and of his force, is singular:

"About nine o'clock the governor, Lopez, made his appearance, and as soon as he was seated in an adjoining hut, I went and paid my compliments to him. I found him sucking brandy and water through a tube, no uncommon way of drinking. He was tall, fairer than usual, and apparently thirty years of age. He had the mark of a dread-

ful sabre-cut over his right eye. After the usual salutation, we proceeded to talk of the war and its present appearances; of Buenos Ayres and Cordova; but of Chile and Peru he scarcely knew where they were, and cared little about them. He was extremely frank, told me he knew where Ramirez, the commander of the Orientales, was posted, and added that on Friday he should attack him and cut off his head. In conclusion I begged to know whether I could be so fortunate as to carry his Excellency's despatches to Buenos Ayres? His reply was 'Tengo.'

"Lopez had been for several years a private in the Santa Fé army, before an opportunity occurred of showing his courage and talents for command. He soon rose, however, and when no higher than a major, was named by the troops Governor and Captain General. After his elevation to this rank, various disturbances on all sides afforded him the means of still further distinguishing himself; and it is but proper to state that, putting aside a slight tendency to harshness, he has conducted the affairs of the province with considerable skill. In the year following my interview, the Santa Feñinos declared, that the usual gradations of military rank were not sufficiently rapid to reward such merit, and they decreed that he be at once named General.

"With regard to this threat against Ramirez, he put it into execution. On the Friday after, Lopez attacked, beat, and cut off his head, which was successively sent from Cordova to Santa Fé and Buenos Ayres. Nobody regretted the death of this last chief—he was a perfect untaught Gaucho, with considerable natural talents. When he marched down against Buenos Ayres, he remained outside the town and received the visits of many who were desirous of beholding so singular a character. When matters went as he desired, he seemed to possess scarcely sufficient life to utter "Esta muy bien,"—it is all very well; but if thwarted in his schemes, his eyes flashed like a wild cat's, and nothing could restrain him. With Lopez he was for some time united in what appeared the strongest bands of friendship. conjointly they attacked Buenos Ayres, and were successful; but the latter power, by dint of great expense, contrived to make them implacable enemies. Ramirez preserved on this occasion the most perfect discipline among his troops; he issued the usual orders against plunder. One of his soldiers took a puncho from a woman who had approached near the head quarters; Ramirez, observing her distress, inquired the matter, and drew up his whole force to have the soldier recognized. The woman pointed him out, and the puncho was discovered on him. 'Friend,' said the general, 'step out and kneel down;' he obeyed, and was shot by him through the head. His method of securing the prisoners was quite novel, but after the taste of the country; he belted them round the waist and arms with a wet hide, which, contracting extremely as it dried, caused in many instances their death.

"To return to the Governor of Santa Fé.—When I heard that his Excellency had a person with him who officiated as secretary, I was quite relieved, fearing that, if he took the pen in hand himself, I should not get forward until the next morning. After remaining quietly for two hours, I began to suspect that either the governor had forgotten his despatch, or intended to send it only the next day. I therefore walked up and down before his quarter for two hours, when at last it appeared. One thing I universally remarked in South America, that the people have no idea of time or space. They can neither distinguish one hour from four, nor a quadra from a league.

"The commandant now returned me my

saddle-bags, &c. in safety; and taking leave of his lady and the old Gaucho guide Juan José, I proceeded to Coronda, escorted by a couple of dragoons. Before I left the encampment, two Guaycaru Indians, belonging to a party of forty then accompanying Lopez, rode up along side of me, and endeavoured to pull a blanket from under me, but on making application to my holsters, they directly made off. After this, and until I was perfectly free from the stragglers, I kept close between my escort."

The pressure of new matter compels us, reluctantly, to postpone till our next the Brazilian portion of these Travels.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. ORIGINAL LETTERS OF EMINENT LITERARY MEN.

NO. III.

The Rev. John Strype to Mr. Humphry Wanley.
[Harl. MS. 3782. art. 85.]

Low Leyton, Aug. 27.
Sir,—I think in civility, I ought no longer to defer my thanks for the use of your most elaborate book of the ancient Northern Literature. I cannot but confess to you, that I have been most acceptably entertained with it. And as I went along, could not enough love your diligence and exactness, and observe your critical notes on all the volumes in the Catalogue; I am hugely pleased to see, that our Saxon Church had the Scriptures in their own language, and that they had Homilies weekly and on Festivals to be said to the People. I could be glad to see a volume or two of them printed in Saxon and English, to judge the better of their Doctrines, Discipin, Rites, &c. as we have gained the knowledge of one great article of their Faith, namely, that of the presence in the Sacrament.

In my Life of Archbishop Parker, I shal have occasion to make mention of several Saxon MSS. of that Archbishop, for which, as I am beholden to your Labours in that Book, so I shal make also due public Acknowledgment of the same.

I will take care within a short time, to restore the Book to you again. In the meantime, praying God to bless your useful Labours, I conclude, being,

Sir, your very humble Servant,
These for Mr. Humphrey Wanley, at his house in Duke Street, in York Buildings, Westminster.

Tho. Tickell to Mr. Wanley.

[Harl. MS. 3782. art. 109.]

Sir,—I am informed by Dr. Charlett, that there is, in my Lord Treasurer's Library, a manuscript Copy of Lucan, which hath never been collated. He tells me, that you think it would be of use to me, in the Edition which I am concerned in; and that you are very well disposed to befriend me in procuring the Loan of it, for that purpose.

I have no reason to think that my Lord Treasurer ever heard of me; and, must therefore, entirely depend upon your interest in this affair. I am persuaded, from the great reputation his Lordship hath for encouraging Learning, that you will meet with no difficulty in doing me this Favour. I need not tell you, that the circumstances of Scholars are generally so narrow, that we cannot attend every Library, that may do us service. I wish I knew the most likely method of coming at some Copies, which I am told are in Dr. Bentley's possession.

If I find, by your answer, that this manuscript may be sent to Oxford; I will direct my Bookseller to wait on you for it. You may depend upon my using it very carefully; I cannot conclude my letter, without owning my obligations to Mr. Keck; which are still the greater, because I have not the Honour to be personally acquainted with him. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servt.

Queen's Coll. Oxon. Nov. 17, 1718. Tho. Tickell.

* The sloping side of a mountain.

** i. e. I have."

Dr. Charlett is so kind as to say, he will be my security for the careful use, and safe return of the Book.

Mr. Tickell to Mr. Humphry Wanley.
(Harl. MS. 3782. art. lii.)
Oxford, Jan. 6, 1713

SIR,—I deferred my thanks for your very obliging letter, till I had done with my Ld. Treasurer's MS. I have had so little to do with work of this kind, that I can give you but an imperfect account of the book. I shall content myself with telling you, that though it be not an accurate copy, (for there are many tokens of its being written by a scribe ignorant of metre, and sometimes of grammar) yet I found many readings therein which considerably add to the elegance of expression and beauty of thought in the poet. You, who are so thoroughly skilled in MSS, will guess, whether such faults as I have mentioned be not common to most MSS, and whether its excellency, in the above-named particular may not deservedly rank it in the number of valuable books.

I thank you for your freedom in quarrelling with the head of Pompey. The Engraver did not follow the directions I gave him; for he had orders to cut one from Oiselius, where the head is remarkably like those faces you mention. The title of *MAGN* was likewise on the medals without the name of *POMPEIUS*, which was another reason why it ought to have been in the Specimen. Indeed, the Specimen was printed in Holland, where my bookseller went to buy a new letter; so that several errors of the presse unavoidably escaped me. The *Proposals* insinuate some apology for this, which I hope candid men will accept of.

I shall be able to answer you in relation to the Queen's MSS. in a little time. I have that of the R. Society. I shall be glad of your advice from time to time, and shall always thankfully acknowledge myself, Sir, your obliged humble servant,
Thomas Tickell.

I suppose my Ld. of Oxford's MS. is already come to your hands; the master had it of me about the end of December.

I had forgot to tell you that my bookseller waited on Perizonius, to procure the collations of Lucan; but was answered that the books were lost.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, 31 Jan. 1825.

There is another vacancy in the Academy, occasioned by the death of le Comte Ferrand. The following writers aspire to the chair:—M. Ancelot, author of the tragedies of *Louis IX. du Maire du Palais*, et de *Pesque*; M. Guiraud, author of *Des Machabees*, du *Comte Julien*, and of a collection of Poems; M. de Pougerville, author of an excellent translation of Lucretius, *De Natura Rerum*; and M. Casimir Delavigne, the poet. The two last elected members of the Academy, the Archbishop of Paris and M. Soumet, were, according to custom, presented to his Majesty Charles X. last week. The King only spoke to M. Soumet; and I send you the words that his Majesty condescended to address to him:—"Je suis bien aise de vous voir, M. Soumet.—J'ai lu votre discours de reception; il est fort bien... Cependant vous connaissez ma franchise; Je n'approuve pas l'eloge que vous faites de Voltaire... Vous lui donnez une bien belle part... Voltaire sans doute était un garçon d'esprit; mais cet homme là a fait tant de mal... il a bouleversé toutes les idées reçues—cet homme là a fait bien du mal—Telle est mon opinion, M. Soumet; moi je dis tout ce que je pense... Bon soir, Messieurs." His Majesty then retired.

The *Chansons* de Beranger have not appeared

as they ought to have done. The publisher, fearing prosecution, has submitted them to various and rigorous censors, in order to be on the safe side, after paying his money. This circumstance gives extraordinary popularity to Beranger, or rather brings him more than usually before the public mind. I have thought you might be glad to see the following fragment on a man so famous; it is the manuscript of one of, and the first of, our literati—"Pierre Jean de Beranger is one of those rare geniuses who appear amidst the poets of all nations; but most rare among the poets of France. The *Chanson* is a kind of composition, which he has wisely selected, and in which he has displayed the resources that seemed reserved for the higher orders of poetical inspiration. Voltaire said, that, in order to succeed in songs, 'il faut avoir dans l'esprit de la finesse et du sentiment—avoir de l'harmonie dans la tête, ne point trop s'abaisser, ne trop s'élever, et savoir n'être pas long.' Beranger unites all these qualifications to a remarkable degree: he has risen above prescribed rules; and if his modesty has induced him to give the title of *Chansons* to the boldest harmony of his lyre, what critic dare object to the terms in which a famous writer has described the productions of his talent—"Beranger fait des Odes Sublimes quand il ne croit faire que des Chansons". It is certain that he has surpassed, beyond comparison, all his rivals. An unpublished *Chanson*, by Beranger, gives us the leading facts of his parentage and education. The following verse has been copied from the manuscript:

"Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,
En l'un de Christ mil sept cent quatre vingt;
Chez un Tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand père,
Moi nouveau ne sachez ce qu'il m'advent.
Rien ne prédit la gloire d'un Orphée
A mon berceau qui n'était pas de fleurs;
Mais mon grand père, accourant à mes pleurs
Me trouva, un jour, dans les bras d'une fée;
Et cette fée avec de gais refrains,
Calma le Cri de mes premiers chagrins."

"Employed in the administration of l'Instruction Publique, Beranger composed some of the *Chansons*, which rendered him afterwards so celebrated. Two were especially popular, the Senator and the King of Yvetot, a cutting satire on the manie of conquest, and consequently of Napoleon. Napoleon felt the rebuke, and declared, it is said, that he would profit by it—Mais—"

The Medical Society of Emulation at Paris, held its annual public sitting on Wednesday, the 2d of February, Doctor Keraudren acting as president. M. Jourdan, general secretary of the Society, read a paper containing considerations respecting the circumstances that have given rise to the foundation of academies in general, and to that of the Medical Society of Emulation in particular, and then proceeded to shew how greatly the state of tranquillity and peace enjoyed under a legitimate government is favourable to the progress of scientific researches, so long obstructed in France by the influence of a military regime.

The Meeting then heard, with a lively degree of interest, a *Memoir*, written by M. Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, on the subject of an extraordinary instance of monstrous formation. The writer took occasion to introduce into his *Memoir* a rapid sketch of the principles he has laid down in his works on the subject of organic aberrations, and also to record several facts hitherto unattended to, but strongly deserving the attention of those persons who are charged with watching over the health of the public.

M. Boisseau then read a paper containing *Reflexions* on the present direction of medical researches and practice. The writer principally confined himself to shewing that the labours of

the ancients and of the moderns form a series of successive improvement, tending to ameliorate the condition of man in a state of society.

M. Worbe then read a Notice on the dangers attendant on the use of phosphorus, illustrated by several remarkable facts.

This Society, the foundation of which dates so far back as the year 1796, has published eight volumes of *Memoirs*, which take their place after the Acts of the Ancient Royal Society of Medicine, and of the late Royal Academy of Surgery.

The Society proposes, as the subject of a prize, which will be awarded in the month of February, 1826, the following question:

"To determine, by clinical observations, by the opening of dead bodies, and by experiment, 1st, the influence of the cerebro-spinal nervous system, and of its membranes, in a time of sickness, on the other organs of the body; 2d, the influence of these latter organs, also in a time of sickness, on the cerebro spinal nervous system, and on its membranes."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GARDENING REPORT AND KALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unusual mildness of last month, things are by no means in a forward state, owing to the extraordinary falls of rain in November and December. For the seven years last past, we have watched the first appearance of the sap's motion in one particular gooseberry bush: the earliest movement of the buds was, one year, on the 5th of February, and the latest (1820) on the 15th of February. To-day (February 8) there is no appearance of movement. A few yards from it, woodbine, pæony, youlan, myrobalan plum, &c. are moving; and autumn mezerion, black and green helebore, aconite, and laurustinus, are in flower. Pot herbs, of every kind, are abundant; potatoes more so, and cheaper than was expected; apples and mushrooms abundant and cheap, but the former not very good; pears scarce, and indifferent in flavour. There has been little ice this year; but is it not surprising, that some practical and moderately expensive process has not been discovered for extracting heat from water, to such an extent as to freeze it at pleasure? Professor Leslie's plans appear rather too expensive.

The operations for this month are the same as those for the last. There are few kitchen crops that should not be put in before or about the end of the month; peas, in the first week, if not sown in January. Planting and pruning may go on vigorously; and as men can now see to work from six to six, where extra hands are required to bring forward new or neglected works, they should be obtained. This is an excellent season for laying down turf and sowing grass seeds, where the soil is well prepared. Pine pits which have been kept at as low a temperature as could be ventured during the winter, may now receive additional fire, or *living heat*, which will be seconded in its effects by the *light* of the sun. Those who have peaches in a house, and peaches on an open wall, should now begin to force the former, otherwise both crops will come in too nearly together.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. ROGET has, this season, commenced a new Course of Lectures on Comparative Physiology, at the Royal Institution, and has announced his intention of devoting it to the consideration of the physiology of the external senses. He gave a view, in the introductory lecture, of the general principles or laws of Physiology, resulting from the application to that science of those rules of philosophical induction, which have already been

so successfully followed in the other departments of physical knowledge. But as the phenomena presented by living beings differ so widely in their character from the changes that take place in inanimate matter, the application of these rules to physiology is attended with infinitely greater difficulty. The rigid order and mathematical precision so conspicuous in all that relates to the inorganic world, are no longer discernible when we come to survey the phenomena of life, either in the vegetable or animal kingdoms of nature. The simple laws of mechanism and of chemistry, are insufficient for the explanation of this latter class of phenomena, which evidently imply the operation of principles very different from those which govern inorganic nature. It is quite impossible to reduce these phenomena to a single law, in the same philosophical sense in which the movements of the heavenly bodies are reducible to the single law of gravitation. But by studying them with reference to final, instead of physical causes, a new principle of arrangement is introduced, which gives to the whole science of Physiology a new aspect, and creates an interest of a different and superior kind to that which the mere physical relations of cause and effect are calculated to inspire.

Dr. Roget proceeded to the investigation of the character of the several powers which are concerned in the production of the phenomena of animal life, and which appear to have been superadded to the ordinary physical powers inherent in unorganized matter. He noticed, in the first place, several peculiarities in the mechanical organization of the parts of animals, in the structure of which, he observed, there prevails, even in the simplest cases, a much greater complexity than at first view appears; and he gave some account of the different opinions of anatomists, respecting the nature and properties of the elementary tissue of which their fabric is composed. He explained the mechanical properties of the cellular and membranous parts of the body, as resulting from their peculiar mode of organization, and exhibited an experiment in illustration of the hygroscopic property of animal membrane.

Muscular contractility, of which the effects are so remarkable, and which is a property so characteristic of animal life, was next presented as a subject of inquiry. Dr. Roget took a review of the most celebrated hypotheses, which have, from time to time been devised for explaining the phenomena of muscular power; pointing out, at the same time, their inefficiency, inasmuch as their admission would involve much greater difficulties than the simple fact which they profess to explain. He then gave some account of the theory on this subject which has been recently advanced by Dr. Prevost and Mr. Dumas, and which has excited considerable attention on the Continent, founded on the newly discovered laws of electro-magnetic attraction. The conclusion to which these physiologists have been led by their observations and experiments is, that muscular contractions are the result of an attraction between the nervous filaments distributed to the muscular fibres, consequent on the transmission of currents of electricity through these nervous filaments.

The Doctor next considered the agency of those new forms of chemical affinity which are developed during the processes of assimilation, secretion, and nutrition, and which appear to controul and modify the operations of the ordinary affinities in the same materials, when deprived of life or unassisted by organization. The former he proposes to designate by the term *organic affinities*, by way of distinction to the latter, which constitute the whole of the chymistry of inorganic substances.

The powers inherent in the different parts of

the nervous system constitute other departments of this inquiry, in pursuing which Dr. Roget established a distinction between the simple *nervous power*, or property of transmitting certain impressions, and the *sensorial power*, or capability of exciting sensation, and other mental changes—changes which lead to such important consequences, and which stamp the character of individuality on the beings they compose.

He concluded this lecture with some observations on the gradation of powers, and subordination of functions, exhibited in the system of living animals, and on the overwhelming magnificence of those widely extended plans, and elaborate adaptations of means to ends, in a series reaching far beyond our view, that are revealed to us by the study of every part of the animal economy.

AMONG the novelties during the present season, is also a course of Lectures on the Application of the Medical Sciences to Purposes of National Economy—by Dr. Gordon Smith, the author of several works on subjects of that nature. As we fully coincide with the Managers, on the importance of bestowing public attention on matters of such interest, and as the study has been very much neglected in this country, we propose to offer a brief outline of the discourses in question—which, on the present occasion, are to be four in number only—the immediate object being to describe the nature of the study, and to clear the way for more minute investigation hereafter, should they be encouraged.

The first lecture was delivered on Friday, the 11th instant, and was well received, although the lecturer laboured under the disadvantage of evident indisposition.

He began by an allusion to the extensive acquaintance that is required with many sciences in order to obtain a competent knowledge of medicine, in its ordinary application to the exercise of the healing art; and after noticing the disadvantage of having, contrary to ordinary practise, to maintain, *in limine*, the importance of the subject, (because the neglect with which it had hitherto been treated, could not have impressed the audience with that favourable disposition which usually accompanies the entrance on a new study,) he assigned his reasons for designating it by the general title of Political, State, or Public Medicine, in preference to the more common term, Medical Jurisprudence. In this view, medicine embraces much that has strong claims on the statesman and private citizen generally, as well as on the physician or surgeon, as it thus advances the prosperity of the whole community; while *physic*, in its ordinary acceptation, regards merely the welfare of the individual, whether in the social or separate state—whether savage or civilized.

The general subject comprehends two great branches—the first consisting of the application of the lights of medical science to the aid of the magistrate in his judiciary inquiries; and the second, including the principles and considerations that should influence the enactment of laws and municipal practise, for the preservation of the public health. The former branch has been termed—Legal, Judiciary, or Forensic Medicine; and the latter—Medical Police. Practical applications of these are to be found in the earliest history of social institutions; in illustration of which the lecturer referred to the Books of Moses, as containing various excellent ordinances for the public welfare. In tracing the history of Political Medicine, as a science however, nothing digested, or systematic, can be found till after the revival of learning; for among the ancients, and through the dark ages of modern history, the reign of superstition and bigotry was unfavourable

to the advance of useful knowledge, especially if dependent on familiarity with the arcana of nature. Allusion was made particularly to the state of anatomy; against which there exists to the present hour a feeling, if not of superstition, yet of an influence equally unfavourable, "operating powerfully to cause the decline of surgical knowledge—the sad effects of which must, ere long, be very extensively felt."

The science, as it now exists, seems to have sprung from the *Constitutio Criminalis* of the Emperor Charles V., adopted at the Diet of Ratisbon, in 1532, and pointing out particular cases in which the tribunals were to call in the aid of medical men—thus arising in Germany, in which country it has been since most assiduously cultivated; as also in Italy—the writers of both countries having contributed many and very ponderous tomes in that department, down to the present hour. In France also, since the Revolution, corresponding assiduity has been displayed; and the labours of the *Scavans* in that country have contributed eminently to the advance and improvement of the study.

In Great Britain, although it has been the custom to require the aid of medical men on similar occasions, there has been much dissatisfaction with the manner in which it has been afforded. The study was never noticed in English literature till within these forty years; and the first English production in Forensic Medicine came out so recently as 1815. Since then, the labours of several authors have been published in forms more or less copious; and in the opinion of the lecturer, the future advance of the science will be promoted rather by the consideration of particular subjects, than the accumulation of general treatises.

Political Medicine has been long an established branch of education in the continental universities: it is one of those sciences that books cannot properly teach, inasmuch as it depends greatly on experimental investigation, and consequently demands the acquisition of manual dexterity, and the experience of the external senses. To constitute an accomplished medical jurist, more even than this is required—for he may be called upon to give his opinion on points, due acquaintance with which is not to be obtained without investigation that will carry him out of the ordinary province of the physician, and require familiarity with the economy of distant regions.

The lecturer proceeded to animadvert upon the state of the London Medical Schools, in which there is no opportunity of attending lessons on this important subject—on the injurious consequences of imperfect attempts that have been made to give instruction in a manner supplementary to other branches, and on the advantage that would accrue to the public in general, and to the medical student in particular, by exacting from the latter a course of study of this nature. The professorship of legal medicine, in the University of Edinburgh, has had comparatively little influence in promoting this species of knowledge, because, in the lecturer's opinion, it has not been made essential to the obtaining academical honours that the student should attend the lectures delivered from that chair.

He then made a few observations on the importance to public justice, of all intelligent men—all, for instance, who are liable to be called upon as jurymen—acquiring some knowledge of those sciences, to whose phraseology they are so often obliged to give ear, and whose bearings they are compelled to estimate; and took occasion to exonerate the medical profession from a portion of that obloquy which has been cast upon them as witnesses. This he did on the ground of inept examination on the part of those whose

business it is to conduct evidence. While there are many points of Forensic Medicine that cannot be properly taught but to medical men, he considered the scheme of instructing intelligent persons generally as perfectly practicable.

At the close of a few hints, more directly addressed to his professional brethren, on the great importance and proper method of the study, he alluded to the fair and inviting field which a public appearance might afford to a medical man for acquiring public confidence and approbation. Hitherto the situation of a medical witness has been painful to himself, and often injurious to his reputation. All this is ascribable to defective preparation for this duty, and unwarrantable reliance on general professional knowledge. It has long been a subject of complaint—a matter of regret—that the world cannot judge fairly of medical character. Dr. S. considered that competent displays before the world would bid fair to remove this grievance. He touched upon a point on which, as he has just published some opinions, rather out of the common course,* he did not enlarge, viz. the *supposed* exemptions from public burdens enjoyed by the medical profession, and pronounced the idea to be erroneous.

The discourse concluded with a few observations on the principal schemes that have been resorted to for the arrangement of this branch of Political Medicine, and a general outline of the many topics that fall within its Forensic scope. Into this we need not follow the lecturer, as we shall have an opportunity of noticing the various subjects when presented in detail. It is fair, however, to add, that he expressed considerable regret at the necessity of presenting, on the present occasion, nothing more than *specimens* of the study, in thus introducing it to public notice.

* Analysis of Medical Evidence, Chapter 2."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.
(Session of 1824-25.)

At the ordinary meetings which commenced in November, there have been several very interesting papers read. The session opened with two from Mr. G. Penn on points of classical literature and criticism. The first suggested various elucidations and emendations in the present reading of Horace's Epistle to Torquatus. The passage commented upon, occurs at the commencement of the poem: the following is the ordinary reading:

"Si potes Archiaci conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cenare times olus omne patella,
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebis.
Vina bibes iterum lauro diffusa, palustres
Inter Minturnas, Sinuessanumque Petrium.
Sic melius quid labes, accense, vel imperium fer.
Jamdudum splendet focus, et tibi munda supellex.
Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum.
Et Moschi causam. Cras, nato Cesare, festus
Dat veniam somniguo dies: impune licebit
Æstivum sermone benigno tendere noctem."

He explains the expression, "Archiaci lecti," in the first line, to which no satisfactory meaning had hitherto been given, by referring it to a saying of Archias, the Polemarchon of Thebes, stated by Plutarch to have been current in his time.—(vid. Pelopida, p. 283. fol.—Ed. Reiske, vol. ii. p. 346.)

In the 6th line, instead of "*imperium fer.*," which has also been long a doubtful reading, Mr. P. supposes the poet to have written, "*in perid fer.*"

Again, line 8th, he proposes, "*festivum noctem*," instead of "*æstivum*," according to the present (in his opinion) corrupted text—"æstivum" being wholly inconsistent with "*cras nato Cesare*," to which it is subjoined, and by which the period of the invitation which Horace here gives to his friend, to leave the cares of business, and pass a social evening with him at his villa, among the Sabine hills, is fixed to the 23d of September, the birth-day of Augustus.

The last correction determines the meaning of "*jamdudum splendet focus*," in line 7th, as expressing, not, according to the commentators, "the neatness and spruceness of Horace's dwelling," but, "the blazing of a cheerful fire"—a comfort which it certainly is pleasant to an English lover of the "Roman Lyrist," (who, by the bye, complains of his sensibility to cold,) to believe that he enjoyed at that late period of the year, and upon an elevation, where, even in the middle of May, Mr. Eustace was incommoded by the "chilliness" of the atmosphere.

The second paper is called "*Carmen Brundisium*," and contains some very ingenious reasons for giving that title to the delicate little ode which closes the first book, and stands without date or "*argumentum*." The author gives his reasons, founded on internal evidence, for believing that this song was composed upon occasion of the festivities which, as Dion Cassius relates, (lib. xlviii. c. 30.) took place at Brundisium, in the year A. V. C. 714, in consequence of the ratification of the treaty between Octavius and Antony. The contrasted "*Persiei apparatus*," and "*Simplex myrtus*," (lines 1 and 5) are descriptive, therefore, of the entertainments given, on each side, by the Triumvirs—that of Octavius being distinguished, according to the usages prevailing in the portion of the empire assigned to him, by a martial simplicity, and that of Antony by an assumption of the oriental luxury and ostentation characteristic of his division.

Mr. Penn gives the following translation of the ode:—

"Boy! I hate the Persian fashion,
With its fillets and its bows;
Cause thy search, I have no passion,
For the latest blowing rose.
"Simple myrtle is my pleasure—
Myrtle never will degrade
Thee, who fill'st the jovial measure,
Me, who quaff it in the shade."

The Oxford Herald contains a summary of the Members of that University, in January, 1825, from which it appears that there are 2,116 Members of Convocation, and 4,600 Members on the books.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 11.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following decrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. Homer, Trinity.
Licentiate in Physic.—C. J. Allatt, Esq. M. B. Trinity.
E. Morton, Esq. M. B. Trinity.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. B. Frere, C. C. C.; Rev. E. R. Earle, Christ College.
Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. R. F. Purvis; Rev. J. H. Earle, Jesus College.

Bachelor of Arts.—L. O'Brien, Esq. Trinity.
At the above congregation, the Rev. George Maclear, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was incorporated in this university.

Bell's Scholarships.—An election of two Scholars upon this foundation will take place on Friday the 18th of March.

Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholarships.—The examination for a Scholarship on this foundation will commence on Wednesday the 4th of May.

The *Athénée* of Medicine of Paris held its General Annual Sitting on the 25th January, 1825. After having awarded the Prize of 300 francs, proposed in 1823, the Society offered for competition a Prize of the same value for the best Memoir on the following subject:—"To establish, on positive facts, the anatomical, physiological, and pathological relations that exist between the skin and the mucous membranes." The Prize will be awarded at the General Meeting of January, 1826.

At the Sitting of the Academy of Sciences at the Royal Institute, on Thursday, 27th January, 1825, a letter addressed by the Minister of Marine to the Academy, was read by the Secretary. The writer of this letter, M. J. B. de Laeval,

states, that he has discovered a new method of preserving fresh water at sea. M. M. Thénard and Rossel were charged with the examination of this process.

M. Paul Coqueré presented a Memoir on the subject of an acoustic experiment, made for the purpose of ascertaining the relations and the number of grave harmonic sounds produced by the existence of two or more given sounds.

M. Richard, Colonel in the Royal Corps of Artillery, presented a Notice on an economical means of establishing lightning conductors. M. M. Arago and Girard were appointed to make a report to the Academy on the subject.

M. Moreau de Jonnés communicated some interesting details respecting two Earthquakes that took place at the Antilles, on the 30th October, and on the 30th November of the year 1824.

The Académie Française held an extraordinary sitting at the Royal Institute, on Tuesday the 1st February.

M. Lemercier, of the Académie, presented to the meeting the second part of his *Heroic Songs of the Greek Mountaineers and Sailors*, 1 vol. in 8vo.

M. Mollevart, of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, presented his volume of *Sacred Songs*, 1 vol. in 12mo.

M. Auger, of the Académie Française, read an *Historical and Literary Notice on the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, of Molière.

M. Laya read a Notice on *Solon considered as a Legislator*; extracted from his *Literary History of Greece*. The same gentleman also read a Notice on *Pittacus of Mytilene*.

Count Daru read an elegant Epistle, in verse, on the *The Nature of Man*.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

8. A Hypochondriac. G. S. Newton.—We do not think Mr. Newton so fortunate in his treatment of this idea as he is generally in his works. Hypochondriasm does not seem congenial either to complete dandyism or extreme youth. The expression, too, is rather of wildness and terror, than of that settled gloom which belongs to, if it does not create, the disease. The accessories are cleverly painted; though, perhaps, on the whole, the execution is a little dry.

66. A Student Drawing from the Bust of Michael Angelo. J. Lonsdale.—Cavass, as well as nature, abhors a vacuum; and there is certainly too much vacant space in this picture. It is, however, a variety in the style of a very able Artist; and if we felt inclined to be jocular upon it, we might say, possessed of angelic qualities—for mortal man was never seen, by any light, so diaphanous and transparent in flesh. A glazing, with some warm tone, would, in our opinion, correct this, and improve the effect.

93. A Coast Scene, Dorsetshire. John Wilson.—A rival to the very best pictures of the Flemish School, in the merits of which it largely partakes. The aerial perspective, gradation of distances, and lights upon the water and sky, are all beautiful. If we could pick out a blemish, it would be, that the dark cloud on the left is too dense, descending so low as it does upon the brightened reflection on the sea.

99. Nymph and Cupid, a finished Sketch. W. Etty.—This is a sweet specimen of Mr. Etty's power of colouring, more sober than he has generally been. There is much simplicity and beauty in the design.

No. 136. A view of London from the River, looking towards Blackfriars Bridge. Chas. Deane.—This well chosen view is accompanied by equal skill in point of execution; and represents a sky, not only out of the common-place character in

treating subjects of the kind, but (though unfrequent in its appearance) perfectly natural in itself. We think, however, the motion of the water in front is not so well managed: the lines of undulation are too formally parallel.

155. A view in the parish of Worth, Sussex, *P. Nasmyth*.—We have not seen, at any time, a fairer specimen of this Artist's talents than the landscape under notice. It is more open, and expansive in its breadth (with a clear and brilliant effect), and has less of that excessive detail, with which some of Mr. Nasmyth's landscapes are loaded. Half his labour would often produce better pictures.

152. Little Red Ridinghood. *H. P. Bone*.—This is the Little Red Ridinghood of the Nursery Tales: there is nothing of the masquerade in the character thus portrayed; simple and unsophisticated, the features of childhood are exhibited with sufficient identity to show that their prototype was nature.

193. The Champion. *C. L. Eastlake*.—This subject comprises a Castle in Sicily, a Knight preparing for battle at the call of a Herald, and a Lady decorating the adventurous Hero with a scarf. There is, besides, a Holy Man introduced, as befitting in such emergencies. The picture is fairly, and what may be called freshly, painted; but the scale does not appear to suit Mr. Eastlake's pencil: he is more at home with Italian Bandits, of the size on which he has usually chosen to paint them. There is no want of expression in the Champion before us, who exhibits a mixture of scorn, pride, and defiance, proper for the occasion; but cutting off figures at the knee or mid-leg, in a composition of any kind, is unfavourable.

189. Three Wild Beasts. *G. Garrard, A.R.A.*—These animals are quite in place, and seem equally ready for combat with the Knight above; though necessity, not glory, is their law. The spirited action which the Artist has given, and the appropriate back grounds, add interest to these studies.

[In the notice of Mr. Singleton's pictures in our last week's Critique, for *Oleic*, read *Marganita*.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

To the depths of that sea which is calm'd to receive thee,
In trust, to the fathomless womb of the wave;
In the silence of sorrow and anguish we leave thee,
Lost theme of our wonder, quenched star of the brave.
We had thought from the strife and the storm to restore
Adorn'd with thy fame, to the land of thy birth, thee,
Where the flow'ret might spring, and the turf flourish
O'er thee, earth.

When the summons of Death call'd thy spirit from
But thy grave must be made in the breast of the billow,
And thine head be laid low 'neath the deep-swelling
surge,
Where the weeds of the ocean are spread for thy pillow,
And the sea-lark's harsh cry sounds afar for thy dirge.

Not when'd by the bold, 'midst the tempest's harsh than,
Not rent in the strife, by the hand of the foe, (der,
But in silence and peace was thy threat snapt asunder—
Unseen came the spoiler, and still was the blow.

While the winds on the face of the waters were sleeping,
And the wave lay untroubled and calm at our power,
And the stars in yon space seen thy bright watches were
keeping.

And the sky was as cloudless and aure as now.
And was it for this, that the death-shot flew by thee,
And above thee, the tempest-cloud harmlessly pass'd?
That, when the fair shores of thy country drew nigh thee,
The Conqueror of nations should find thee at last?

Yet, though naut from our sight, though thy labours are
finish'd,
And thou restest in peace, where thy battles were won,
Enal'd in praise, and with fame undiminish'd,
Thou shalt live in the tale of the deeds thou hast done.

Thou art gone—but, unhurt by the lapse of long ages,
Thy laurels shall flourish, still blooming and fair—
Thou sleepest—but oft, when the loud conflict rages,
The sound of thy name shall be still with us there.

Proud nations shall fall, but that name shall decay not,
And realms shall depart, but thy glories shall shine;
While he, whose cold grasp is on all things, shall prey not,
On the fresh budding wreath, which shall ever be thine.

J. F. H. Chuteau.

PARTING LOVERS.

How sweetly sad is the parting hour,
When lovers are met in the echoless bow'r,
Their last tale of love and of fondness to tell,
Ere the voice faintly murmurs "Farewell—farewell!"
How mournful the silence; how warm is the tear
Which steals down each cheek, as the moment draws near;
How gentle each look, how wounded each heart,
When they fearfully sigh "We must part—we must part!"
What a contest is that 'twixt the fate and the will,
When the parting word lingers—and yet lingers still—
But the moment is come, like a sentence of death,
And to utter "farewell" they have hardly a breath.

THE BANDIT'S DEATH.

And must I die, and must I die,
An outcast and alone,
With none to close this weary eye,
When I have ceas'd to moan?
And must I tread the shores of death,
The pallid flickering glare
Alone to light my dismal path,
Of silence and despair?
And must I yield this worthless breath,
And baffle me for my change,
With not a thought to sweeten death,
Like freedom or revenge?
Where'er—where'er I turn my eye,
'Till horror strikes me dumb;
I loathe the world which now I fly,
And dread the world to come.
But 'mid this vast and midnight gloom,
What object threatens my sight?
With such a dark and darker doom,
Despair beside, looks light.
Should not I know it?—Is it then
No visionary specter—
No wild ring with fire of the brain,
That scorches the soul's sight?
Still must I brook thy tyrant sight?
Oh God! my heart strings burst—
Spare me this mad'ning sight, and Hell
And Death may do thy worst!
'Tis past.—Time was when Roland stood
The boldest in the fight;
And scenes of havoc and of blood,
To him were stern delight.
Ambition, from his eye of Mars,
Fired upward through the skies,
And sported with the puny stars,
Like school-boy with his toys!
From all allegiance human, free;
He spurn'd all laws divine;
And grasped, in thought—eternity,
As lightning grasps the pine!
And must that Roland's eye of fire
Wax dim—that heart grow faint?
That thunder voice so proud, expire
In womanish complaint?
No, by the innocent blood I've shed,
My sworn misanthropy,
A Bandit's life since I have led,
A Bandit's death I'll die.
So welcome Death!—Thou art defied!
Yet, Oh for one poor friend,
To tell my gallant lads I died
A Bandit to the end!

J. S.

DRAMA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the apprehensions which, but a short time ago, were so generally entertained for the future success of some of the principal Musical Establishments, the present season is likely to afford as much novelty and pleasure to the admirers of music as any preceding one. The frequenters of the Italian Opera have, indeed, been kept long in suspense; but the House opens, at last, this very evening. The procuring, at so short a notice, the requisite number of first-rate Performers, will be the great difficulty for the Managers to overcome, most of them having been engaged, long ago, for the Continental Theatres. After the undeniable decline of Rossini's music, during the last season, a more judicious choice than *Don Giovanni*, for the first performance, could not have been made. The House remains in the hands of Mr. Ebers; and Mr. Ayrton is mentioned as the principal Manager.

The Oratorios, which are usually performed during Lent at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, remained, till within a few days, in the same state of uncertainty as the Italian Opera; particularly as both had proved so unpro-

fitable to their last Manager, Mons. Bochsa, as to contribute to, if not cause, his failure. It is to be hoped that the new Managers will not follow the example of M. Bochsa, and introduce profane operatic music, where hitherto, until that period, none but sacred had been heard. *Judas Maccabeus* was announced for the first performance at Covent Garden last night; beginning about the time our paper goes to press, and consequently too late for any notice.

DRURY LANE.

On Saturday evening, a tedious, mawkish, and miserably sentimental Melo-Drame, called *The Shepherd of Derwent Vale*, was performed for the first time. It can hardly be expected, that, wearied as we were on this occasion by sitting in a crowded theatre till nearly one o'clock in the morning, we shall be able to give any very intelligible account of this long and uninteresting production. What we were able to collect, amounted to something like the following detail:—A certain *Sir Wilfred Wayward* had once a brother, whom he was anxious to get rid of, because he was the favourite of his father. To effect this affectionate and paternal purpose, he employs an amiable friend, who conveys the youth from home, under the solemn promise that he will murder him. The youth, however, instead of being killed, is more indolently left upon a mountain to be starved. Things remain for some years in this state, until the opening of the piece; at which period *Lord Derwent*, and his daughter, the *Lady Matilda*, who is betrothed to *Sir Wilfred*, arrive at the castle of the latter. Just as the marriage is about to be solemnized, an old soldier is introduced, who informs the lover that he has brought with him the death-bed confession of his old friend, by which it appears that the youth is still living, and at no great distance from the scene of these events. By promises of great wealth, the soldier is solicited to keep all this a profound secret; but, refusing the offer with indignation, is attacked by *Sir Wilfred*, murdered, and robbed of his dispatches. The *Lady Matilda*, who wanders about at midnight over "barren moors," in a beautiful white satin dress, but without any money in her pocket, happens to drop in, just as the old man has breathed his last, and, by her information (or some other means not explained to the audience), suspicion attaches to the real offender. In this dilemma, the murderer proceeds to the cottage of *Shock*, the orphan Shepherd, a poor idiot, whom he persuades to take the crime upon himself, which he accordingly does; is there apprehended on his master's accusation, tried upon the very spot where the body was discovered, and sentenced to death;—when, suddenly, an Irish Carpenter rushes into court, and tells the Judge to look into the hollow tree behind him. A search is accordingly made, and papers are discovered which declare poor *Shock* to be *Sir Wilfred's* brother, and the rightful heir. This, of course, settles every thing; as *Sir Wilfred*, stung by remorse, confesses his crimes—runs up a steep place, and plunges into the torrent beneath him.—The acting, though far from good, and what we have a right to expect at a Patent Theatre, was yet as good as the piece required. A Mr. Sherwin played the *Shepherd*; but we cannot sympathize with stupidity and idleness, in any situation. What he might have done, had there been any feeling in the character, we cannot tell. His great aim appeared to be, to imitate Rayner; and in this, he in some degree succeeded. Miss I. Paton, who was the *Lady Matilda*, has some little beauty and some little talent; but they are both eclipsed by a still greater share of affectation. The rest of the performers were persons of "no mark or like-

lihood," and we have no wish to call them into notice. In a few nights, the author and the actors will, in all probability, be equally forgotten.

Masaniello.—A play, under this title, was produced at Drury-lane on Thursday, which is too late an hour for a long notice in the *Literary Gazette*, even should the performances deserve one. In the present instance it would be a speculative waste of paper, since it is hardly probable that *Masaniello* will itself survive another representation. Should it do so, we will review it; and, in the meantime, have only to say, that it is remarkable for a practical joke, in setting Mr. Kean, as the hero, on horseback, and for not being a tragedy, though there are more murders committed than is usual in the deepest of compositions justly so called.

The Covent Garden Theatrical Fund Dinner, with His Royal Highness the Duke of York in the Chair, is appointed for Friday, 4th March.

POLITICS.

After four nights' discussion in the House of Commons, the Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Goulburn, has obtained leave to bring in a Bill for Restraining Political Associations in Ireland. The votes were—ayes, 278—noes, 123—majority, 155.—The King of Spain has been dangerously ill, but is said to be convalescent: a son of Murat has been arrested in the south of that country. We have no authentic information in our newspapers respecting Spain or Greece: all is party work.

VARIETIES.

Egyptian Antiquities.—Mrs. Belzoni, the widow of our regretted friend, informs us, that she is erecting the Egyptian tomb, (which, from the very extensive nature of the premises, she will be enabled to construct on an enlarged scale,) and that it will be opened for exhibition early in March, in Leicester Square.

The Royal Academy of Turin has named the six following gentlemen as foreign corresponding members of the Academy:—M. Champollion, Figeac, and M. Champollion, jun. of Paris; M. Hammer, conservator of the Imperial Library at Vienna; M. Reynouard, perpetual secretary of the Académie Française; and M. Abel Remusat and M. Letronne, both members of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres of the Royal Institute of France.

On a report made to the King of France by the Duke de Doudeauville, minister of the household, his Majesty has granted a pension of 2000 francs in favour of the descendants of the great Corneille. The above sum is to be placed annually in the hands of the perpetual secretary of the Académie Française, his Majesty leaving to the Academy the care of distributing it among those descendants of Pierre Corneille who shall appear to the Academy most worthy of participating in the advantages of the royal bounty.

Mr. Macready, whilst performing at a Theatre under the management of the late Mr. Mansell, unnecessarily made use of an oath, contrary to the rules of Mr. Mansell's establishment, who, much to his credit, obliged all the performers who used oaths unnecessarily to forfeit the sum of five shillings, which forfeits were appropriated to the relief of sick and indigent actors: when settling with Mr. Macready for his stipulated salary, he deducted the required sum for a breach of his rules. Mr. Macready, with great cheerfulness, submitted to the deduction, and upon inquiring to what purpose the sum (so obtained) would be appropriated, gave a £10 note towards the furtherance of so excellent a plan, saying, "he wished from his heart all managers would adopt the same system, as nothing tended so much

towards the fall of the drama as this offensive custom."—*Birmingham Scrap Book*.

The Bishop of Arras, Huet, devoted the whole of his time to study. A person in his diocese who had made frequent applications to obtain an interview with him on business of importance, tired at length of calling, exclaimed—"God send our next bishop may have finished his studies."

Emetics.—The New York Gazette of Health, strongly recommending emetics for the cure of rheumatism, relates that two patients had been completely recovered, the one by taking 242 grains of emetic in seven days, and the other 348 grains in nine days. Certes, a French medical writer upon the subject, observes—"American stomachs are of a different nature from ours!"

The following subjects are discussed in the forthcoming number of the Edinburgh Review:—Campbell's Theodoric and other Poems—Manners and Morals of Absolute Princes—Public Education—Haselwood School—Ashantee—Ireland—Court of Chancery—Ellis's Letters, illustrative of English History—Criminal Law of Scotland—The West Indies—Reduction of the Duties on Coffee—State of Hayti—Education of the People.

It is stated that Miss Foote is engaged to play at Brighton for three nights, and that her first appearance was on Wednesday last. Mr. Russell, the Manager, it is also said, tempted the lady to this engagement by the liberal offer of fifty pounds per night, by far the highest salary at present paid to any performer on the English Stage.

FACETIE, &c.

A young nobleman who, by his misconduct, had incurred the displeasure of Louis XIV. being desirous to regain the esteem of that monarch, displayed the most signal courage and heroic devotion at the siege of Mons. The King, on restoring to him his favour, addressed him thus; "You were not satisfied with me—I was not pleased with you. Let us forget the past, Monsieur le Duc, and henceforth date from Mons."

On the first execution of the celebrated *Misere* of Lully, before the court of Louis XIV. in the chapel at Versailles, the monarch being on his knees during the whole time, necessarily kept his court in the same position. At its conclusion the King asked the Count de Grammont his opinion of it. "Sire," he replied, "the music is very soft to the ears, but very hard to the knees."

The satirist Furetiere, in speaking of the celebrated Quinault, who was the son of a baker, observed—"It is the best dough that has ever been made, possessing only four or five hundred words of one language, which he bolts, sifts, and kneads to the greatest advantage."

Anne of Austria, mother to Louis XIV. was one of the finest women of her time; the greatest of her personal beauties, however, was her hands. The Duke of Mantua, who frequented her court, made many extravagant verses in their praise, which gave rise to the following epigram by Scarron:

"Elle avoit au bout de ses manehes,
Une paire de mains si blanches,
Que je voudrais en verité.
En avoir été soufflé."

Which has been rendered as follows:

"At the end of her sleeves she had
A pair of hands so white,
It sure would have made my heart glad,
Had they box'd me from morning till night."

Notwithstanding the gravity usually observed by Louis XIV. he could not suppress the emotions of his joy on the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, his son, in 1682; on which event he permitted the uncontrolled approach to him of such of his subjects as chose to offer their congratulations,

Holding his hand to receive the customary salutations, the Marquess de Spinola having, in the ardour of his zeal, bitten one of the royal fingers, the King could not refrain from crying out with pain; the Marquess, entreating his pardon of his Majesty, added, that but for the adoption of that expedient, he must have passed in his crowd unnoticed.—[For these anecdotes, and several in our last Number, we thank Q. in the Corner.]

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A work is now in the press from the pen of the late John Bell, Esq. of Edinburgh, containing Observations upon Italy, chiefly made during a residence at Florence. Mr. Bell's skill as an anatomist is well known, and as an artist he possessed no ordinary talents. We believe that many of the finest anatomical drawings that adorn his works, were drawn and engraved by himself. His criticisms, therefore, upon those works of art which have arrested the attention of all travellers, will be highly interesting. Mr. Bell had been in the habit of immediately noting down his impressions while examining any fine statue or painting, and he subsequently formed the intention of writing a detailed work upon Italy. He did not live, however, to complete this, and the present volume consists chiefly of selections from his Notes, which are edited by his widow.

Captain (de Fragata) W. B. Stevenson, formerly Secretary to Count Nils de Castilla, President of Quito, &c. has announced the publication of a "Historical and Descriptive Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America," in 3 octavo volumes.

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February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 10	from 31 to 45	30.30 to 30.40
Friday 11	28 to 47	30.40 to
Saturday 12	25 to 42	30.40 to
Sunday 13	25 to 42	30.40 to
Monday 14	33 to 38	30.33 to 30.20
Tuesday 15	34 to 41	30.09 to 29.97
Wednesday 16	36 to 47	29.90 to

Wind SW. and SE.—Generally clear till the 13th, since which a general cloud, misting rain at times; the mornings of the 11th, 12th, and 13th, foggy.—Rain fallen .56 of an inch.
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C. H. ADAMS.

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